CONVERSATIONS WITH NEHRU IN NEW DELHI

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Theodore Roosevelt—"a man with an historical sense." *(See page 13)*

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MORROW

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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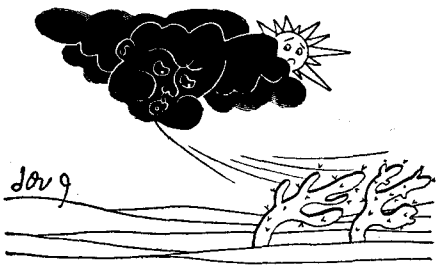
TRADE Winds

CALIFORNIA—WITH A DIFFERENCE

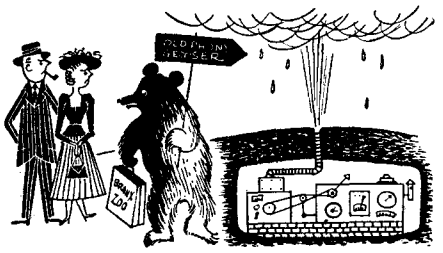
THE WEATHER played some scurvy tricks on every part of the country this winter, and the California desert proved no exception. Cold winds swept through the San Gorgonio Pass. Scudding clouds drove strong men to the shelter of La Quinta's new Mirage Room and women to Helen and George Macy's salon, where they experiment-



ed with Cedric Adams's two-day diet and ran the price of stewed prunes up to a dime apiece in the Indio supermarkets. Harrison "Sheriff" Leussler, who has represented Houghton Mifflin on the coast since the days of the Vigilantes, explained that a warm current in the Pacific was shifting away from the shore line, a theory that was in line with articles that used to appear in Sunday supplements proving that the Gulf Stream was veering nearer to New York and that palm trees would be growing on Park Avenue by 1980. Another savant blamed it all on the atomic-bomb experiments. A third, who really seemed to know what he was talking about, said that examination of cross sections of giant redwood trees proved that weather in western America had been subject to seventy-year cycles since time immemorial and that now we simply were embarked on one of the shifts to the colder extreme.

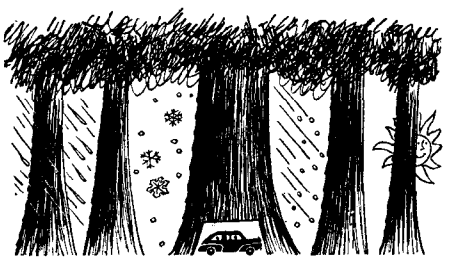
Anyhow, the guests had attractions like Greta Garbo, Jane Russell, Albert Lasker, Ginger Rogers and her Briard sheep dog, Irwin Shaw and his tennis racket, Joseph Henry Jackson, Walter Kirschner, Luli Kollsman, Pierre La Mure, Jack Benny, Bubbles Hornblow, Sam and Frances Goldwyn, George Allen, ex-Governor Wallgren, and Lord knows how many other luminaries to take their minds off the weather. There even appeared one of the star witnesses from the Kefauver investigation. And one night Raymond Loewy invited everybody to his Palm Springs home to celebrate publication of his "Never Leave Well Enough Alone." His heated swimming pool is constructed so that one end extends into the living room, thereby enabling occasional guests to fall in with their clothes on. The ministrations of the beautiful Viola Loewy are enough to make them want to do it all over again. . . . One of the big grape-growers in the desert is Brian Aherne. He and his wife brave hundred-and-fifteen-degree temperatures to harvest their crop every June. They survive by doing the work from four A. M. to ten—then duck inside their air-cooled ranch house. At last reports nobody in the book business had been tempted to follow their example.

ONE OF THE FASCINATING characters in those parts is Harry Oliver, who publishes a sheet called the *Desert Rat Scrap Book* four times a year or whenever he feels in the mood. He refuses to enter his paper as second-class mail since he maintains that it is first class in every respect. . . . Harry declares that once he tunneled for gold but after several fruitless years quit in disgust and forfeited his claim. Later a Swede took it up, continued digging, and struck it rich not ten feet beyond where Oliver had quit. This taught Oliver a lesson, and he swore he'd never stop again until he had dug "ten feet further." The result was that he dug his way straight through Red Mountain one time and popped out the other end like a scared gopher. "When my pick knocked the first hole in the other side," he concludes, "the sun came in looking just like gold. I thought I'd hit the Mother Lode and I couldn't stop." He didn't stop, in fact, till he slid to the bottom of the canyon. . . . Oliver once persuaded a honeymoon couple headed for Yellowstone Park that the whole thing was a fake. "Those geysers gave out years ago," he assured them. "The Government secretly installed underground boilers with time clocks and pressure gauges. They couldn't stand the thought of



losing all that tourist revenue. They even bring out those mangy bears every summer from zoos in the East." The honeymooners were so outraged they changed their plans and went to Reno instead. . . . For more of Harry Oliver's refreshing nonsense mail him a half dollar to 1000 Palm Springs, California, for a year's subscription.

IN BERKELEY George Stewart had just moved into his beautiful new home overlooking the Golden Gate and was awaiting first reviews on "Sheep Rock." His neighbor Cecil Forester was packing to go to London for the command performance of "Captain Horatio Hornblower" with Gregory Peck in the title role. (Forester, by the way, was trying to think of a good name for his now-famous hero when he ran into producer Arthur Hornblow at MGM. The "er" was added for euphonic effect.). . . . At Trader Vic's in Oakland Walter Haas, carried away by two zombies and Jack Hartman's ambrosial food concoctions, promised this correspondent a pair of hand-tailored levis (I wonder if he remembers?), and Herb Caen and Pat Knudson pointed out a man alone at the bar, married that very afternoon, who maintained with obvious justice, "After all, a guy has to have a night out once in a while!". . . In San Francisco the man who photographs visiting firemen for the *Chronicle* is the Joe Rosenthal who took that unforgettable shot of the hoisting of the American flag at Iwo Jima.



THE DRIVE from San Francisco to Eureka through the majestic redwood groves is one of the most beautiful in the entire world. It is simply breathtaking. . . . Tom Garland, who chauffeured me, is a neighbor of Dudley and Ginny Murphy at Laguna Beach. When the Murphys opened their exclusive Holiday Inn there they were shy an upstairs maid and a good friend volunteered to help them out. Two gents who registered for the first night returned every day for a week in search of that friend but couldn't find her. "I'm afraid she's found more remunerative work," explained Murphy finally. "You see, she's Ava Gardner.". . . Driving past the gigantic redwoods (the tallest is almost 350 feet high!) we ran through every

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FOOLHARDY, YES! BUT INTELLIGENT?

For a long time now it has been notorious in the book world that fiction isn't selling. Novels by big names sell relatively as well as ever, but in smaller numbers than in many, many years. It's going to be very hard on novelists who are not good enough to command a hearing anyway (as James Jones* is) or sufficiently third-rate to wow the same old faithful following. Perhaps the public knows very well what it's about—it's pretty difficult to work up much honest enthusiasm for most of the fiction of 1950-51—but I'd feel surer of this if it weren't for most of the best selling novels of the past year.

Looking over the books we've published in the first quarter of 1951, I can't give us an A for brightness, for more than half of them are fiction and half of these failed sadly—average sale about 3,000 copies if that. How do we get that way? Because as publishers we are notoriously shy of facing the economic facts of life, because there's usually a long time-lag between the acceptance of a manuscript and its publication, because each failure did arouse the enthusiasm of at least two not unintelligent adults when it was being considered, and because we are very reluctant to pass up a novel by a young writer for no other reason than that we think it won't sell.

One novel in particular deserves better of the public: Warren Beck's *Into Thin Air*. Granted that this is no *Brothers Karamazov*—critics call it minor—it's a beautifully written story by a man who didn't require an editor at his elbow to tell him what to write about and how to write it. He knew what he wanted to do and did it. Beck is a man for the discriminating reader to take seriously and *Into Thin Air* is a mature and distinguished piece of work.

Troubled Sleep by Sartre, the third volume of his *Roads to Freedom*, has sold as I write not quite half as many copies as *The Age of Reason*, yet it is a far, far better novel—quite the best that Jean-Paul has done, and *that* is very good indeed.

Eric Ambler has never had a sale commensurate with his enormous reputation. His *Judgment on Deltchev* has sold more copies than anything of his ever sold in the original edition, but it hasn't yet reached 10,000. His American royalties will probably equal what he could make working in a motion picture studio in a fortnight.

Don Mankiewicz's first novel *See How They Run* looks like a success, but already it is clear that what it will earn for him and for us from cheaper edition rights of one kind and another will far exceed the royalties and profits derived from our edition. Thus the tail continues to wag the dog, the parts are greater than the whole, the beef sells at a loss and the profit comes from the hide.

I have not space to mention all the new Borzoi Books of this first quarter, but I must speak of two that are not novels. *Time of Fallen Blossoms*, by Allan S. Clifton, struck me when I read it in manuscript as an all but irresistible picture of the Japanese. We have often fallen in love with our late enemies; this time it happened to an Australian journalist-soldier who was John Hersey's interpreter at Hiroshima. His book needs only to be sampled and if you buy and do not like it, your bookseller has been authorized to refund your payment in full.

A Philosophy of Labor doesn't sound enticing but Frank Tannenbaum's little volume thus entitled may turn out to be a very important work indeed. If I say that he suggests that trade-unionism is the great *conservative* force of our time, you may think him mad. But he isn't and he doesn't want the State to take over either. If you have anything to do with labor, you will find this book well worth reading—stimulating, thought-provoking and genuinely exciting. Sales to date, 1,600 copies, but I doubt that many will be returned to us by the booksellers as unsalable because they only let us ship them 600 copies to begin with.

Well, we are certainly foolhardy and perhaps even intelligent; but I sometimes wonder.

AAK

*or Robert Bowen's *The Weight of the Cross*, coming April 25.

(advertisement)

known brand of weather: snow, hail, blinding rain, and intermittent patches of brilliant sunshine. I was reminded of Ed Wynn's classic story of the motorist who not only had to plow through a deluge but was further handicapped by a nagging wife, who told him how badly he was doing. Then her incessant chatter ceased abruptly and she sat in silence, her head wagging rapidly from side to side. The husband was too grateful to investigate for a full twenty minutes. Then he discovered the cause of the miracle: his wife's nose was caught in the windshield wiper! . . . (That's one of those stories, of course, that must not be analyzed too carefully. Everybody knows that windshield wipers are on the *outside* of the car. What price logic—if a story achieves its purpose and gives you a laugh?)

EUREKA IS THE CENTER for some of the biggest lumber mills in the world. It also is a haven for fishermen. It also boasts a jeweler who advertises widely as "Ten Window Williams." Its climate, people, and pace are so different from the Los Angeles area that you have to remind yourself continually you're still in California. . . . Tom Garland took me to Lincoln's, one of the state's big-league bookstores, and then Ruth Brizzard introduced me to the town's social arbiters, the Donald Andersons, whose drawing room is something straight out of *House & Garden*. . . . After my lecture it was Lillian Henderson, I think, who told me the story of a new worker in a sawmill in Humboldt County whose foreman showed how the buzz saw worked, then sauntered off. As soon as he was alone the new worker, fascinated by the whirling contraption, reached an experimental finger toward it. One second later the finger was cut off. His cry of pain brought the foreman on the double, shouting, "What happened?" "Your saw cut off my finger," gasped the worker. "What in thunder did you do wrong?" exclaimed the foreman. "I don't know," admitted the worker. "I just touched it like this—damn, there goes another finger."

—Bennett Cerf.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 890)

D. LESSING:
THE GRASS IS SINGING

Most of these young men, from England to learn farming, were shocked by the way natives were treated. But they could not stand out against the society they were joining. A few months and these sensitive, decent young men had coarsened.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Conversations with Nehru

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Saturday Review *herewith publishes the second and concluding instalment of the transcript of informal conversations between Prime Minister of India Jawaharlal Nehru and Norman Cousins. The conversations took place several weeks ago in the living room of the Prime Minister's House in New Delhi. It is important to emphasize that the following transcript is unrevised and unedited as to content; it appears exactly as taken off the recording tape. The Prime Minister spoke extemporaneously throughout. No advance outline of the material to be discussed was submitted to him. When this transcript was completed and sent to him he approved it without corrections.*

Part II: "Bare Hands and A Certain Spirit"

COUSINS

In our last discussion, Mr. Prime Minister, we discussed American-Indian relations and ways in which those relations might be improved. We also considered the economic needs of India and the larger question of world peace. We discussed the possible need for a strengthening of the United Nations. In that connection I wonder whether you would care to give your ideas as to what went wrong after San Francisco.

NEHRU

Well, that reaches rather fundamental and far-reaching issues. Something happened, let us say, when the First World War began, which put an end to one phase of human existence and started another. World War I was fought for democracy and to put an end to aggression. It resulted in a complete victory; and yet, we know that between the two wars the climate was one of great conflict and upsets, economic and social. Something new had come into the picture. The old world had ended and a new world was groping its way, trying to find a new equilibrium. Then came the Second World War. That, too, ended in a tremendous victory, and soon we found ourselves in all kinds of conflicts and troubles.

Now, this leads one to think that there may be something wrong—either in our objectives or in the methods we adopted to gain them. We got the victory, all right. Why did something escape us, elude us, so that once again we find ourselves in trouble? That is a basic question which I think deserves a great deal of thought.

The natural consequence of that line of thought is that wars, ending that way, do not solve any question or, if they attempt to solve one question, they lead to other problems which are even greater. In other words, victory was only the removal of an obstruction which had come in one's way.

I also think that it might be said at this time that the course of development of the world and the industrial revolution had gradually come to a stage when World War I began, when there were numerous conflicts between Germany and England and other countries. They were resolved only partially, and so the conflicts continued. Now another thing is happening today. Asia comes into the picture. Asia begins to be industrialized, and some kind of conflict again takes place on a new plane.

We have to think all these things out and not imagine that there is some superficial way of dealing with them in talking about maintaining peace. We have to understand the basic causes of conflict. It seems to me that unless we do that we shall repeatedly get further away from our objective because we really haven't clearly thought out the real difficulties and laid down the way of approach to their solution.

—*SRL photos by N. C.*

Nehru: "We must learn to stand on our own feet."

COUSINS

Yet whatever the multiple causes of war, isn't one of the fundamental causes today the lack of realization that nations cannot retain their complete sovereignty and live in peace? Doesn't unfettered sovereignty in a fast-shrinking world actually serve to bring out these tensions of which you speak? Doesn't the absence of a world body possessing the power of world law actually intensify the

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differences among nations? The question before the world today is how to keep those differences from colliding. Didn't the League of Nations fail precisely because individual nations insisted on placing their sovereignty above the common needs of the organization of which they were a part?

NEHRU

The League of Nations, formed after the First World War, was the natural outcome of a desire which had long been felt for international cooperation. It failed for a variety of reasons —chiefly because, I suppose, people and nations and governments were not wholly trained up to that idea. The United Nations came into being after that rather unfortunate experience of the League of Nations. They tried to build it on solid foundations. The United States came into the picture, which made a very great difference for good. I have no doubt that in the long run the world must go on toward some form of what is called rather vaguely "one world."

COUSINS

What kind of "one world"?

NEHRU

What form it will take I cannot say—probably fairly close cooperation between autonomous nations for the preservation of world order, something even more than the United Nations represents today. Anyhow, we can't have it suddenly or by decree. One has to grow up to it. The United Nations—or rather the idea behind the United Nations—was a very big step toward that, and that idea is worth preserving and working for. But the United Nations, first of all, can only function if it keeps that idea continually before it. It cannot function if that main idea slips away and the United Nations becomes something different from what it was intended to be. Obviously, one of the essential features of a world government through the United Nations must be the prevention of aggression by one country over another, one people over another. It should also be the promotion actively and positively of better relations between countries, cooperation in various branches of activity.

Now the world as we find it today is unbelievably varied, and various parts face different problems. In Asia the primary problem is, let us say, food or raising terribly low living standards. The people lack the necessities of life. They think primarily in those terms. They have just come out of the colonial stage and they have a certain vitality. They have a certain resistance to any attempt to reimpose that colonialism, and, while they may not be strong enough positively, they are strong enough to resist any imposition of any form of foreign domination. One cannot think in terms of imposing anything on Asia today against the will of the people. No solution which is not accepted by large masses of people can have any possible enduring quality.

COUSINS

In that connection isn't it possible, Mr. Prime Minister, that the spread of Communism may actually result in another form of foreign domination? Instead of the danger of colonial expansion may there not now be the danger of ideological expansion? Would this not in effect represent another form of foreign domination?

NEHRU

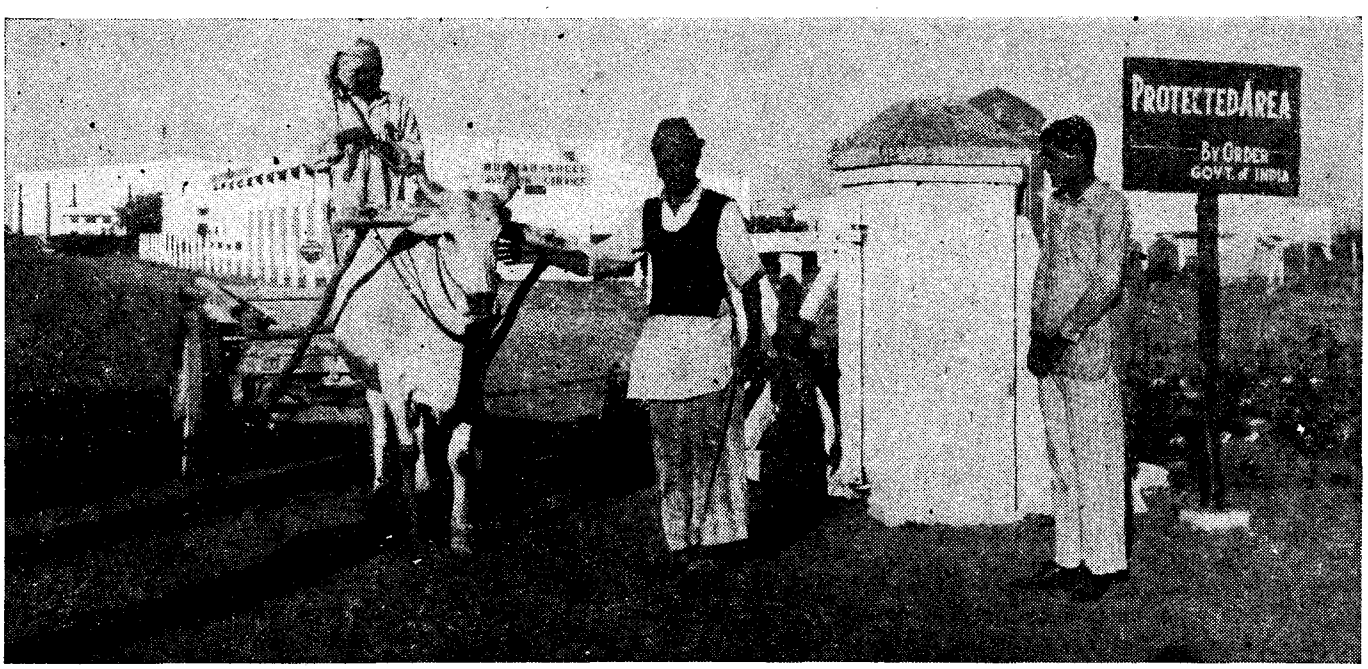
Undoubtedly. If, as has often happened recently, Communism comes not only as an economic doctrine but rather as an extension of imperialism, then for a moment it might appeal to people because it comes as something which appears to them to be a liberating force. But there is bound to be resistance to it, which resistance will grow. The difficulty today in Asia is that the country or the group or the idea that represents any kind of liberating force appeals to the people. That liberating force when applied to the political domain might be called nationalism. It may be applied to the economic domain when it deals with, let us say, land problems or others that appeal to people. And so the right appeal to the people should be connected with their idea of liberation—either political or economic.

COUSINS

How, then, do we go about checking the spread of Communism on those two levels on which it is presently operating? First, the nationalist level, on which Russia apparently is attempting to carry out a design which was fashioned long before the Communist leaders came to power. For example, we know that Communist expansion, or rather Russian expansion in the Far East—in China, in Japan—is something that goes back to 1896, 1900, and 1904. Then there is the second level, the ideological level. Each level is used as the means of advancing the other. It is entirely possible, is it not, that Russia today is using its ideology as the means of advancing nationalist aims that go far beyond any ideology?

NEHRU

You mentioned Russia's activities long ago in the Nineties, etc. They were



Old India and the New: The entrance to one of New Delhi's two modern airports.

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purely imperialistic. There was no ideology behind them except the expansion of a powerful country. And other countries which are dominated by Russia reacted more or less in the ways that colonial countries react. Then came the Communist phase of Russia, which apparently broke away from the imperialist tradition and spoke to many countries in Asia on anti-imperialist lines and appeared to be a kind of liberating force. It appealed to them a quarter of a century ago. They didn't know much about it, but this appealed to them; and there is no doubt that the measure of sympathy—a large measure of sympathy—that Russia a quarter of a century ago obtained in Asia was because of that. That is, it allied itself to the nationalism of various peoples.

In recent years there has been a very marked difference in approach, and the Communist tendency has come into conflict with the nationalist tendency in many countries—India, Indonesia, Burma, and some other countries. Where this has happened thus far the nationalist tendency has proved the stronger—provided always that the nationalist tendency does not support reactionary social tendencies, because reactionary social tendencies come in the way of the economic change that is so urgently desired—more especially in regard to land but in other matters too.

COUSINS

In connection with your statement that whenever the Communist tendency comes into conflict with the nationalist tendency, the nationalist tendency triumphs, would you care to enlarge on this as it concerns India?

NEHRU

Yes. Communism in India right up to the beginning of the Second World War had very little importance except as a vague idea which appealed to some people in support of the national movement. Therefore it was a very small fringe of the national movement which didn't count for much otherwise. It did count for a little among the industrial workers then. But in the larger scheme of things it was not important. It was really in the later days of the war that Communism became more important, partly because of the opportunities given to it in wartime to build itself up, because it was supporting the war. (That is, after the Soviet Union came into it.) It built itself up at the cost of breaking away from nationalism. It did gain something in organization, but it lost a good deal in its break with the nationalist movement and therefore in the hostility it aroused among the members of the nationalist movement.

"Basic things such as racial backgrounds remain. . . . How are we to deal with this variety?"

Today in India Communism is definitely opposed to nationalism. It can create, it can give a lot of trouble in local areas, either industrial or agricultural areas, but even that is very limited. Now the question is: how far can the nationalist movement go forward in solving some of the urgent economic problems? If it fails, naturally that is an encouragement to Communist ideas. If it succeeds, then Communism or Communist ideas in India shrink.

COUSINS

You are confident, then, Mr. Prime Minister, that the national development of India will move at a pace which will make it possible for this country to resist Communism and, indeed, to set up the anti-bodies within it, over the long range, which can protect it against Communism?

NEHRU

When you talk about Communism you must distinguish between certain ideological, economic bases of Communism which we vaguely call Socialism in its various aspects and the particular tactics employed by the Communist Party, say in India. By mixing the two together certain confusion is created in the mind because there are certain things about Socialism rather than Communism which attract large numbers of people in India. But there is very great resentment and opposition to the tactics of the Communists in India, who really have become purely terroristic and who challenge not only the Government but most things in India. Therefore, I think that unless any government in India completely fails to satisfy the economic urges and wants of the people Communism will not gain very much hold here.

COUSINS

If Communism, as you define it, through terrorism or otherwise does not take hold in India ideologically, is it at all possible there may be an attempt to take hold more directly—by overt action or aggression? How do you interpret the invasion of Tibet? Would you say that this constitutes a direct threat to India, apart from whatever ideological progress or lack of progress the Communists may make on the home front?

NEHRU

No. I am not afraid of any external threat to India of that kind. And I certainly am not afraid of any threat from the Tibetan side, for a variety of reasons, which I needn't go into now. Even practical military reasons are against it. But the real reason and the basic reason is that I do not think that India and China are going to function in that way toward each other.

COUSINS

Do you think it possible that China, because of her connections with Rus-

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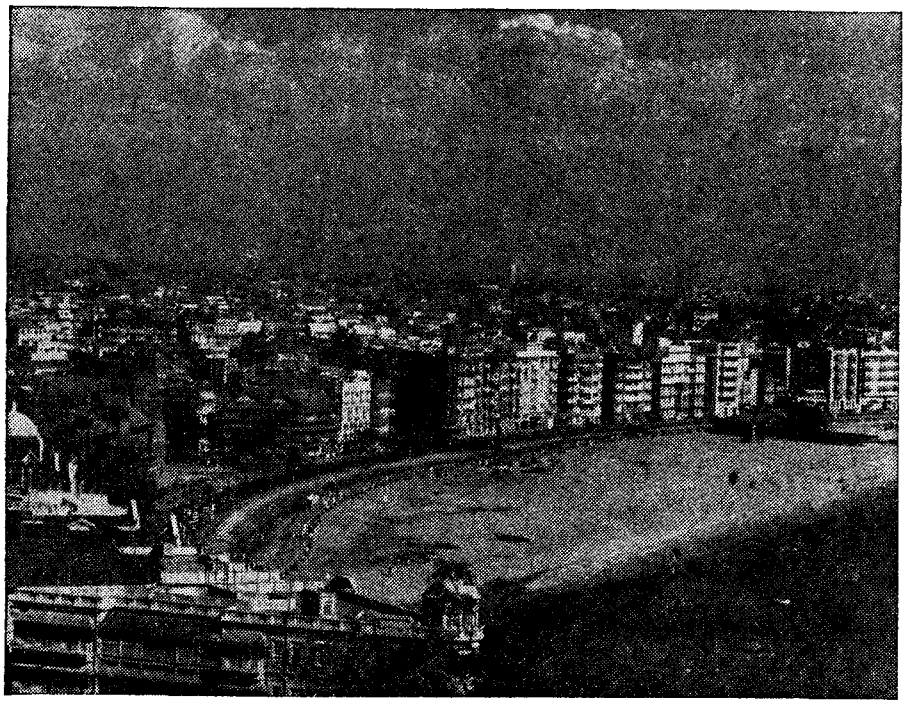

Skyline view of Bombay, one of the most modern and attractive cities of the East.

sia, might be persuaded that her interests lie more in the direction of fulfillment of Russia's ideological and national aims than in the direction of the type of United Asia you described?

NEHRU

I don't think so. China thinks for itself. China is closely allied to Russia in many ways but in the final analysis it decides for itself what it has to do and what it has not to do. I do not see how it can possibly profit China or even, for that matter, Soviet Russia to think in terms of taking India. In the present state of affairs there can either be a continuation of peace or there might be war. If there is war on a world scale then the chief theatre of war which will make a difference to the final outcome of the war will be situated elsewhere, not in India. It may be situated in Europe. That is the most important theatre. India does not come into the picture at all as an important theatre, and it is perhaps imperiling the final result of the war to indulge in such adventurous schemes.

COUSINS

Well, if the showdown comes—if the war does come—what role do you think India would play in such a war?

NEHRU

India for the present is trying her utmost to prevent such a showdown—not because India thinks she can make too much difference to the world's destiny but because she is absolutely convinced that a war on the scale that is imagined now will mean a total destruction of every idea and objective that civilization stands for. In fact, the very things one might fight against, while defeated in battle, may triumph because of the general ruin that may come to the world. Therefore, it becomes of essential importance to prevent that war and get a period of peace which might permit us to establish some kind of world equilibrium.

I am quite convinced that people in every country, wherever they may be, generally desire peace. Now if war comes, it is a little difficult to imagine what its cost may be, but one thing is clear—it will mean large-scale destruction and it may be a very lengthy war. And no one knows what the final result will be, not in terms of victory or peace but rather in what state the world will be in afterwards. It is the most dangerous thing from that point of view to look forward to. Now India will try to do her best to keep that war from spreading, just as she has tried to the extent of her capacity to limit the Korean war. If a large area of the world can keep out of the war it may be able to help in bringing about peace a little sooner than otherwise.

COUSINS

Yes, there can be no doubt, as you say, that the world's peoples want peace. But do all the world's rulers want peace? And do we have today in the world the means by which aggression, for example, may actually be prevented? Aren't these two factors largely responsible for the fear of which you spoke earlier?

NEHRU

May I just tell you the background in which I have been trained? When Gandhi came on the scene in India his message to us all was: "Do not be afraid of British imperialism." They had all the armies, all the apparatus of the state, all the resources at their command. We had nothing except our bare hands and, if you like, a certain spirit. It was odd, his telling us "do not be afraid" and telling that not to people like me but to the poor, downtrodden peasant in the field who had always been kicked about by everybody. And yet, strangely enough, something of his message caught, and we did shed our fear and we found a great release.

Ultimately, as you know, it was very largely through Gandhi's tactics and methods that we obtained our independence. Now, one may not apply that exact parallel to the world's stage, for conditions are different. But I think basically there is a great deal in it which can be applied.

Today fear is almost all-pervasive. The strongest countries are afraid—not afraid of any one country—but afraid of the consequences of what might happen. And I think if we could possibly lessen this great tension and strain, that by itself would be a great gain and give us some chance, some opportunity of working more constructively for peace.

So I would suggest that the first step should be this attempt to lessen the strain and tension in people's minds and the minds of governments. I cannot suggest a definite thing to be done in regard to that, because it depends on circumstances and on steps to be taken to fit in with those circumstances. But if that is the objective, then let us lessen this fear and tension. I think it can be done and I am quite sure that the reaction of the peoples would be tremendous. Then the next step would immediately become a little easier. That is why we were anxious that this Korea affair should be settled, if possible, quickly, because for the moment that seemed to be the one thing most likely to lead to wider hostilities, ultimately even on a world scale.

COUSINS

In connection with Korea, now that the United Nations military position seems to have stabilized itself and we have been able to recover our balance, do you believe that the ability of the U. N. today to achieve peace in Korea is stronger than it was last December, when our forces were pushed back toward the sea?

NEHRU

From that point of view it is better; that is, the ability is better. But the basic fact is that a solution of the Korean problem or any problem in the Far East must have the concurrence

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of the various countries geographically involved. Any other solution, say one based on military force, is no solution because one has to carry on with the military problem and get rid of it.

COUSINS

What proposal do you believe the U. S. today should make as the basis for settlement in Korea?

NEHRU

I am not going to suggest anything specific. In the past we have made various suggestions, some of which bore some fruit and some of which did not. It really depends on the exact situation. But the point is that people have to talk about it. Obviously the United Nations, the United States, the United Kingdom, and so on are very much concerned in India. But we have no desire to barge in anywhere. If we can be helpful we are prepared to help. Otherwise we will gladly remain outside.

COUSINS

Well, I think I can say, Mr. Prime Minister—and here I think I am justified in presuming to speak for the American people—I think I can say that the American people want peace in Korea, as they want peace in all the world, but we do not want a false settlement. We do not want peace at any price. If the price of peace is the shattering of moral and democratic values then I think we would be opposed to peace. If the price of peace is spending our lives on our knees we would be opposed to peace. We know what a new world war would mean. But we also know, I believe, that we cannot end war merely by recognizing its horrors. I know I am not saying anything that you yourself have not said over the years. Now, applying these principles to Korea, what would you say is the basis of peace with justice in Korea today, a peace that the American people could regard as fair, as honorable?

NEHRU

May I say that I entirely agree with you that any peace which depends on the shattering of moral values is not worth having. Ultimately that is not a peace at all. That is just a gradual degradation of the human being or society in the world. In fact, one of the most painful things that we have seen in the last thirty or forty years, partly owing to the big wars that have taken place, is this degradation of moral values of the world. After all, the greatest force in favor of degradation is war. Human beings function in wartime as they never function in peacetime. So from that point of view, also, war is a hateful thing; and if we are to preserve any kind of moral values in the world we have to avoid war.

Now, you talked about Korea. It seems to me obvious that the only solution in Korea would ultimately depend on the Korean people. Any solution that is imposed upon them by anybody, whether it is China or whether it is the U. N., if it goes against the wishes of the Korean people will not be abiding. There will be trouble there continuously. That trouble will be utilized by other forces and can go on. Therefore we have to find a way to allow the Korean people to function as they want to function—themselves.

COUSINS

But before that could take place—self-determination in Korea—wouldn't it be necessary to have a cease-fire? That, of course, brings us back to this question: what do you think would be the basis for a cease-fire order that would convince the peoples of the world that an honorable peace was in the making?

NEHRU

I can hardly go into details, but I can heartily agree that a cease-fire is essential. Cease-fire plus a talk around a table by those concerned. The basis of that talk ought to be the self-determination of the Korean people; if you take these three factors together the rest may follow, if people are reasonable—and I imagine that in those circumstances there will be an element of reason and reality about these talks.

COUSINS

Do you believe that China today or in the near future may wish to discuss the nature of and the basis of a cease-fire order?

NEHRU

I cannot say what China today may do, but only a little while ago, only a month or so ago, China agreed first to a temporary cease-fire and then to a discussion leading to a permanent cease-fire.

COUSINS

Do you believe that it might be fruitful, perhaps, if the U. N. today were to reopen the entire question and put it before China?

NEHRU

Yes, but you will remember that the U. N., having rejected the present Government of China, finds it a little difficult to deal with someone it has rejected. The answer is: "If you won't have us, won't recognize us normally, how do you deal with us in other ways?" But that is a minor matter. The point is that the leading powers in the U. N. can settle it, can make that approach.

COUSINS

Passing from Korea to Southeast Asia, do you believe that the situation militarily and ideologically seems to be stabilizing itself today? Or do you feel that Southeast Asia may perhaps be confronted with a similar threat to what happened in Korea?

NEHRU

In Southeast Asia today the only area of some kind of conflict is in Indo-China. The other areas at most may be said to be areas of potential conflict. I am quite sure that if the war in Korea ends or even if it is

Suburb of Calcutta—"the world today is a curious mixture of uniformity and . . . variety."

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limited there will be no aggression in Southeast Asia. Of course, if the war spreads then anything might happen. Therefore, if we can limit the Korean war and, better still, if we can end it then I see no present danger of any new development taking place in any part of Southeast Asia.

COUSINS

Mr. Prime Minister, in the United States some newspapers have questioned your policy of neutrality toward the general and developing tensions between East and West. The point has been made in the U. S. that India today is not really neutral but is actually inclined toward Russia and China. Would you care to comment on that?

NEHRU

The word neutrality, of course, is not a correct word to describe our policy. Normally neutrality can only be used as opposed to belligerents in time of war. In time of peace the question does not arise—unless one is always thinking in terms of war. Our policy is simply this: we wish to judge every issue on its merits and the circumstances then prevailing, then decide what we consider best in terms of world peace or our other objectives. Repeatedly we have in the U. N. or elsewhere voted or encouraged a certain policy which was liked by some nations, disliked by others, and vice versa. We do not understand or, rather, we do understand but we do not wish to adopt a policy or be against a country merely for the sake of being against that country. That is not judging the merits of a particular question, but rather largely on the basis of being against a particular country or group of countries. So far as China is concerned, China is developing along entirely different lines from us. We have no desire to interfere with China and don't want China to interfere with us. I believe China's people and India's people, quite apart from recent developments, have had for a long period of time very friendly feelings toward each other. I think, despite changes, we want that to continue and we do not want to take any steps to raise hostilities between these two countries, which have a tremendous frontier and which have had at least 2,000 years or more of relations with each other.

COUSINS

Do you make a distinction between the Chinese people and the Chinese Government?

NEHRU

Not in that way, because I believe that at the present moment the Chinese Government is very representative of the large majority of the Chinese people. I can't say about all.

But what I said was that basically the Chinese people have been influenced by friendly feelings toward India. What the Chinese Government's policy may be is a different matter—or how it may develop—but I do not see any reason why it should develop in a hostile manner toward India.

COUSINS

How would it be possible, Mr. Prime Minister, to determine over the course of the next few years whether the Chinese Government does have the backing of the Chinese people?

NEHRU

You talk about the next few years. I don't know about the next few years, but I should have thought that the last few years proved conclusively that the present Chinese Government came into power with the largest possible backing of the Chinese people. At the present moment that more or less continues. In fact, they came into power with the greatest ease and only because they had that large backing. Otherwise it would have been almost impossible for them to do it.

COUSINS

Do you believe that China, with whatever momentum it may have as the result of its Revolution, may be turning its eyes toward Southeast Asia?

NEHRU

I should imagine that at the present moment what China desires above everything else is peace to solve its terrible problems and consolidate itself. Therefore, it cannot possibly think in terms of extension toward Southeast Asia or any other direction. That is on the pure ground of expediency, if you like. They are tied up with their own problems. Therefore, I do not see that happening. Now, of course, in the long perspective of history it is difficult to say what might happen in the future—what a powerful nation may do to develop expansionist tendencies. We have had a rather interesting history in Southeast Asia for the last 2,000 years. During this long period the two great countries of China and India were each impinging upon the other in Southeast Asia. We didn't have any war. We had one or two very petty conflicts, but the fact of this contact of overlapping in Southeast Asia was continuous for at least a thousand years.

COUSINS

I have a hunch, Mr. Prime Minister, that the American people may be disturbed at what is happening in China precisely for the reasons you gave; namely, that China is faced with tremendous internal problems. If recent history is any guide, a totalitarian state which is bothered by inner tensions and pressures tries to relieve those problems with a dynamic drive against others. Would China attempt to keep her country united by some adventure beyond her border?

NEHRU

These are hypothetical questions. It is possible that this might be so. Well, how are we going to meet that situation?

COUSINS

I wonder whether you might wish to outline your own position in the event that China because of internal pressures or because of any other reason might go in for a dynamic or aggressive foreign program.

NEHRU

May I go back and remind you of the past phase of history? After the Soviet Revolution in Russia the Soviet Union had tremendous problems and difficulties. It was amazing that it survived. Now, I think that a very wrong step was taken then by trying to suppress the Soviet Union, cut it off, isolate it, and have a so-called *cordon solitaire* around it. That failed, but it resulted in one thing: it turned the Soviet Union into a bitter opponent of Western countries; and the memory of that isolation survives in Russia. It will be a very dangerous thing to repeat that experiment in China, more dangerous even than it was then because conditions are different. If we force China into a kind of isolation, cut it off from the great part of the world, the consequence of that to the rest of the world will not be good. China will suffer, of course, but the world is so constituted that the rest of the world would suffer as well.

Now to answer your question. So far as India is concerned I have not a shadow of a doubt that any kind of aggression against India will be met

(*Continued on page* 46)

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Americans. *In the last century not a single generation has failed to undertake ambitious programs to preserve in permanent printed form the letters, papers, and other written memorabilia of its fondest heroes. Usually at least twenty-five years pass between the death of the great man and the start of the project, but so eager was the New Deal generation to honor its leader that the serial publication of Franklin Roosevelt's public papers and addresses was begun even during his lifetime. Last year saw the start of a great enterprise centered about another Democratic hero: "The Papers of Thomas Jefferson," edited by Julian P. Boyd* [SRL *May 6, 1950*]. *The second volume is reviewed this week. But Republican heroes are not being forgotten. In preparation is Roy P. Basler's edition of the complete writings of Lincoln; while the first two volumes of "The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt," edited by Elting E. Morison, have just been issued.*

T. R.—Lusty Leader of Men

THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Edited by Elting E. Morison. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 2 vols. 1478 pp. $20.

By Harold Ickes

TWO OF a formidable eight-volume set of "The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt," edited by Elting E. Morison, are now available to the historian and to those rapidly vanishing Americans who went on the Bull Moose rampage with "T. R." in 1912. Even to undertake the task of appraising some one hundred thousand letters written by Roosevelt, many of them in the form of carbon and letterpress copies, in order to screen out the ten thousand that appear in full and in chronological order in these volumes was something that only a dauntless man would undertake. A tremendous undertaking has been accomplished which invites admiration.

Yet this reviewer ventures to suggest that the objective of Mr. Morison and his staff might have been more easily attained and with greater satisfaction to those who will read this work if some of the letters printed had been omitted altogether and others summarized. Not a few of the references are somewhat obscure and some of the individuals addressed or referred to almost, if not altogether, forgotten, with the result that despite the careful editing, the interpolations, and the footnotes one is required to invest more time and effort in understanding clearly than many readers may be inclined to do. Moreover, in these volumes one may read only what Theodore Roosevelt had to say and not what his correspondents may have written to him. To be sure, the editor has tried to make up for what he undoubtedly realized might be regarded as defects by placing along the way crutches that might help the explorer to reach his destination.

Many readers can get along on a very restricted intellectual diet of letters from young children, understandably preserved by doting female relatives of the older generation. Knowing Theodore Roosevelt, as was my great good fortune, in the days when he was a formidable and virile figure on the domestic and international political stage, I am not even particularly interested in how he looked either at the age of eighteen months or at the age of seven. However, I have always been thrilled and impressed by the story of how he took his physical well-being into his own hands and almost by mere force of will built on an insecure foundation a sturdy and enduring physical body that was able actually to enjoy the rigors and privations of Cuban battlefields and that even after he had served his approximately two terms as President had the physical stamina to explore the Amazon River and determine to a degree that had not been known until his daring venture what its source and peregrinations were. It may well be that this subjugation of the physical by the spiritual served as a beckoning example in later years to another Roosevelt who likewise was to attain the Presidency.

"Man with Guitar," by Grue.

While certain letters might have been summarized or laid aside, these two volumes are as essential to the narrative as the ones that will follow. They demonstrate how the youth developed into the man and the man into a leader of men—one of the greatest that his country has produced, one who could stand up to a Winston Churchill or a Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Theodore Roosevelt was such a family man as many others might wish to be. There was nothing mushy in such salutations as "Darling, beloved, little motherling" or "Darling Father" or "Darling Bysie" (his sister Anna) or "Sweet Pussy" (Corinne Roosevelt, another sister) or "Darling Little Muffie" (Martha Bullock Roosevelt). These were expressions of real affection from a strong man. He was no mollycoddle. He was so constant and intense in his family ties that he did not hesitate to use terms of endearment that a weaker man or one less sure of himself would have been too self-conscious to put on paper. It might be, of course, that if he could have foreseen these expressions in naked type even he might have hesitated to use them. It would be unfortunate if the reserves of such a man as Theodore Roosevelt should be stripped before a gaping audience.

Theodore Roosevelt also formed strong ties outside of his family. He was capable of loyalties, political as well as personal. The attachment between him and General Wood was close and enduring. He entertained warm regard for Henry Cabot Lodge, the First. Personal and political ties between these two men of such diverse natures, the one exuberant and warm, the other cold and calculating, are difficult to understand.

To his political enemies as well as to many who favored him but who were lovers of peace Roosevelt was

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a swashbuckler. He believed in a "righteous" war but he also believed, and doubtless sincerely, that any war was a "righteous" war in which he might have an opportunity to fight. If the Spanish-American War was the best that there was to offer, then it was the best in which to enlist as a volunteer. His letters record that, in fact, he did serve as a brevet brigadier general in Cuba, but they also disclose that this rank was never formally given to him or officially admitted. Neither did he receive the Medal of Honor for which he had been amply recommended by several superior officers in the field. To the denial of this he took strong exception in more than one letter.

If Theodore Roosevelt was a soldier at heart, he was a politician also and but few will deny that he was an accomplished one. Not even the "malefactors of great wealth," closely allied as they were with those who controlled the Republican machine of New York State, could stand against the people when they wanted to make him Governor and later Vice President, the latter of which jobs he did not want, although he wished to remain in public life. I personally witnessed, from a ringside seat, the draft of Roosevelt at the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia in 1900. He could no more have resisted the demand of that convention than he could have resisted the lure of the Spanish-American War. The rest of the political history of Theodore Roosevelt is quite well known to the American public generally, and intimate light will be thrown upon it by the volumes of these revealing letters which are to follow the present two.

Theodore Roosevelt was a man with an historical sense and with a deep knowledge of history. He was also a Roosevelt and not the only one to have an instinctive and almost uncanny feeling about international relations. It would almost seem that he was speaking to this generation of Americans, too many of whom alternate between fear and hysteria, when he wrote "about the Russians, who offer a very much more serious problem than the Germans, if not to our generation, at least to the generations that will succeed us . . . I look upon them as a people to whom we can give points and a beating; a people with a great future, as we have, but a people with poison working in it."

Thus spoke Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. And as Governor of New York, he declared what may be regarded as most prophetic so far as concerns that astonishing voodism known as McCarthyism that pervades the Republican Party today to a disturbing degree. He wrote: "I do not believe that it is wise or safe for us, as a party, to take refuge in mere negations . . . our attitude should be one of correcting the evils and thereby showing that . . . the Republicans hold the just balance, and set our faces as resolutely against improper corporate influence on the one hand as against demagogy and mob rule on the other."

Harold Ickes, former Secretary of the Interior under Franklin D. Roosevelt, was a strong supporter of Theodore Roosevelt, particularly during the Bull Moose campaign of 1912.

For Shakespeare's Birthday—April 23

THE SEASON prompting with the script of leaf,
The thrush-note sounded where the greenwood beckoned
Would thwart our winter memory of grief,
This day that stems from April twenty-second
And one has fused from cadences of spheres
This spoken wisdom for our stage of noon:
The histories of laughter, love and tears
Which, blended, form our universal tune.

That truth may gain ascendancy at last
To star the rugged drama of the heart!
For we are players featured in a cast
Of living mirrored in a master's art . . .
Through centuries that glide without a pause,
Uncurbed by fashions and the stir they cause.

—Mario Speracio.

"No Hope But in Peace"

THE PAPERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. Vol. 2: 1777-1789. Edited by Julian P. Boyd. Lyman H. Butterfield and Mina R. Bryan, Associate Editors. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press. 665 *pp.* $10.

By David C. Mearns

WITHIN the less than thirty months covered by this volume Mr. Jefferson brought to a close his career in the Virginia House of Delegates and took over the Governor's Palace—along with a plate warmer, a "Japan Tea Kitchen," six leather water buckets, a chimney glass with "guilt fram," a "mahogany pembroke," an assortment of "old fashioned mahogany chairs," and sundry other articles of furniture—from Patrick Henry. Upon assuming that office he expressed in a letter to Richard Henry Lee sentiments as applicable to his successors as to himself: "In a virtuous government, and more especially in times like these," he wrote, "public offices are, what they should be, burthens to those appointed to them which it would be wrong to decline, though foreseen to bring with them intense labor and great private loss." Times were difficult; "taxation is become of no account," and he could find "no assured hope but in peace or a plentiful loan of hard money."

More preponderantly than in the first, this second volume of Jefferson's complete papers is composed of documents. More than half the pages are devoted to the "Revisal of the Laws," designed to form "a system by which every fibre would be eradicated of antient or future aristocracy; and a foundation laid for a government truly republican."

In this early essay at reform Mr. Jefferson stands forth as foremost among democracy's philosophers; and those who in our days wish for an ordered codification of American principles with which to confront, confound, and combat the conflicting and systematic creeds of other peoples will find in these one hundred and twenty-six bills the essence of our strivings. Even the "plan agreed upon by the Committee" which produced them contained the noble intention "not to insert an unnecessary word, nor omit a useful one." Surprisingly few have a diminished present importance except perhaps the "Bill for Supplying the Public with Lead" or "for Apprehending and Securing Runaways" or "for Improving the Breed of Horses"; by and large they establish the uncontroverted legitimacy of the American idea with Mr. Jefferson as acknowledged father. Thus they provide for

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such matters as invasions and insurrections; the enlistment of soldiers, sailors, and marines; the course of descents; the support of the poor; ascertaining the salaries and fees of certain officers; preservation of deer; licensing and regulating taverns; public roads; public storehouses; registering births and deaths; proportioning crimes and punishments in cases heretofore capital; the punishment of those who sell unwholesome meat or drink; preventing the spreading of the smallpox; the more general diffusion of knowledge; amending the constitution of the College of William and Mary (the curriculum to be organized in accordance with Francis Bacon's classification of learning, which Mr. Jefferson adapted to the arrangement of his library); rents and distresses; as well as provisions for more familiar aspects of government.

Despite what he called the "endless quibbles, chicaneries, perversions, vexations, and delays of lawyers and demi-lawyers" who opposed them, Mr. Jefferson attached particular value to four bills: the repeal of the laws of entail; the abolition of primogeniture; the restoration of the rights of conscience; and the introduction of general education.

Dr. Boyd and his associates have transcribed this catalogue of freedoms with a scholarly precision and interpretative sensitivity which lifts this magnificent edition high above any comparable work ever undertaken. The material record of Mr. Jefferson and his time will never again need reproduction. For those who seek in this second volume as ringing an expression as the declaration of political independence in the first is presented "A Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom," beginning:

> *Well aware that the opinions and belief of men depend not on their own will, but follow involuntarily the evidence proposed to their minds; that almighty God hath created the mind free, and manifested his supreme will that free it shall remain by making it altogether insusceptible of restraint*; that all attempts to influence it by temporal punishments, or burthens, or by civil incapacitations, tend only to beget habits of hypocricy [sic] and meanness, and are a departure from the plan of the holy author or of our religion, who being lord both of body and mind, yet chose not to propagate it by coercions on either.

No, Mr. Jefferson was no ordinary legislative drafting officer, but the eloquent medium through whom a generation granted the great charter of intellectual liberties.

David C. Mearns, assistant librarian of the Library of Congress, edited "The Papers of Abraham Lincoln."

From the Age of the Garboon

TYRANT FROM ILLINOIS: Uncle Joe Cannon's Experiment with Personal Power. By Blair Bolles. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 248 pp. $4.50.

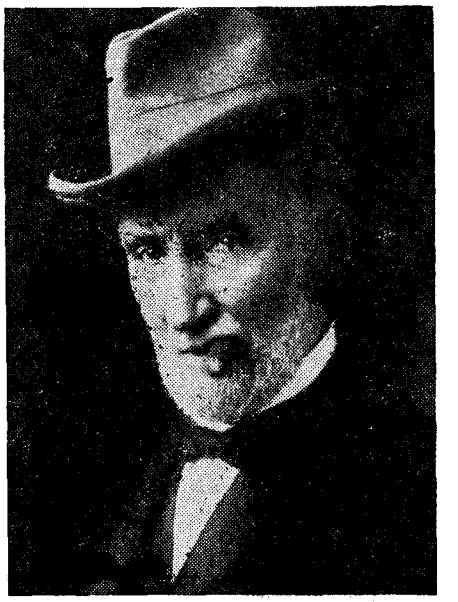
By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

UNCLE Joe Cannon was born when Andrew Jackson was serving his second Presidential term and died—shortly after his retirement from the House of Representatives—while Calvin Coolidge was President. Having gone to Congress for the first time the year of Ulysses S. Grant's unfortunate re-election, he became Speaker and tyrant in 1903 and held this position of "personal power" until just before Woodrow Wilson followed the lumbering figure of William Howard Taft into the White House. It is of these eight years only that Mr. Bolles writes in his interesting book.

Speaker Cannon, who was known for years as "Foulmouth Joe," was an eminent twentieth-century hangover from the Age of the Garboon. He dressed expensively in carefully rumpled clothes that lent him that rustic, homespun look which endeared him to the rustic electorate of his Eighteenth Illinois Congressional District, who except in 1891 and 1913 kept sending him back to Congress in spite of the fact that he was known to be a whisky drinker, albeit a moderate one. His political philosophy was expressed in this salty Cannonism: "I am goddamned tired of listening to all this babble for reform. . . . America is a hell of a success."

It is Mr. Bolles's theory that Uncle Joe, by nature a kindly man who had grown up to respect "the recorded words of God and Congress" (the Bible and the *Congressional Record* were his favorite literature), was of great historical importance because he became "such an inflexible opponent of change that people could say of him, as they did . . . that if he had attended the caucus on Creation he would have voted to keep chaos." When his great opportunity came as Speaker of the House he threw all his wit, ingenuity, and temperament into an heroic and dictatorial onslaught against the changing times and the despicable reformers—Roosevelt I, La Follette, George W. Norris, and even William Howard Taft—who were changing them.

Cannon had two tools or weapons which he used for eight years to beat down the opposition—his own talents and Jefferson's "Manual of Parliamentary Practice." He convinced himself that he was right and that he was



—From the book jacket.

Speaker Joe Cannon: "America is a hell of a success."

fair as he ruled the House with his iron fist. Typical of his tactics was the occasion when an opponent sought the floor and without benefit of floor privileges began to speak. From his rostrum Uncle Joe remarked, "This House could pass an elephant if the gentleman in charge of it could catch the Speaker's eye." Then he closed his eyes and blandly called for the next order of business.

Such tactics delighted—and then infuriated—the public. But he stuck through thick and thin until George Norris, who had waited with great patience, caught him at last by a parliamentary trick as clever as any ever practised by Uncle Joe himself and drove him from power. In a paragraph which gives the key to his thesis Mr. Bolles writes:

> When Cannon's heroics failed his idea crashed. In overturning the Speaker the public invited America to begin the creation of the modern welfare state, which horrified him. Cannon's fall opened the way for bigger government, for Wilson and New Freedom, leading in time to the New Deal and Fair Deal of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. The fall also planted the seed for the puzzling confusion that besets us in the question whether by empowering the state to save us we are putting the state in a position eventually to swallow us. In other words, Uncle Joe's experiment in heroism ushered the United States politically and intellectually into the twentieth century.

It is quite possible that Mr. Bolles gives Cannon too much credit, although he is right in his belief that Cannonism, which robbed both the people and the Presidency of much of

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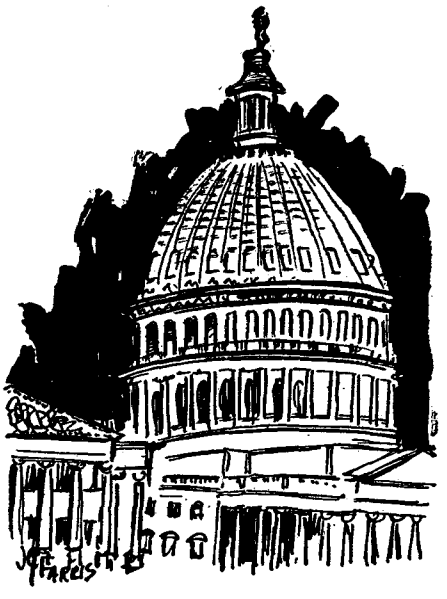
their rights and strength, hastened the inevitability of reform by standing so implacably in its way. Brought up in rural Illinois, imbued with an unswerving faith in rugged individualism and private enterprise, believing that America *was* a hell of a success, Cannon and his carefully selected clique played into the hands of Big Business. His close little gang was, with one possible exception, not close to the "malefactors of great wealth." But they played the latters' game while implicitly believing that the America they loved was doomed if government in any way sanctioned official interference with Big Business. But the New Freedom and the New Deal would have come anyway without Cannonism, although by making of Cannonism a symbol and of Cannon a devil the reformers were able to dramatize the issues of those days.

Mr. Bolles has written a sprightly book, filled with delightful sketches of Cannon's contemporaries. He has obviously delved deeply into the recorded words if not of God at least of Congress and lived deeply in the period of half a century ago—a period we like to think of (in our innocence) as simple and easy but which was fraught with many complex, and in Uncle Joe's mind dangerous, political, social, and economic trends.

However, there will be historians who will not go along with him in his insistence upon setting up Fighting Bob La Follette as the "prophet" of the Welfare State or who will not agree that Cannon, for all his power as Speaker, was the sole pillar of reactionary strength. He was important but not all-important, and his little reign as tyrant and Congressional manipulator was, in the flux of America at the time, doomed to failure from the start. But he is great fun to read about after all these years.



Fiction. *Two books by well-known American women on life in postwar Europe are the most significant offerings this week. Kay Boyle's "The Smoking Mountain" consists of eleven short stories and an essay on a compassionate theme that is suited to her talents, the tragic spectacle of the beaten men, women, and children of Western Germany warped by suffering, contrasted with their uneasy and bewildered American conquerors. In Grace Zaring Stone's "The Grotto" this excellent novelist places her story of an American woman and her homosexual son in a dramatic setting in Italy. Jerome Weidman's "The Hand of the Hunter" is a wartime story of a normal middle-aged American who cracks up while he is waiting at Halifax on board a ship whose sailing is long delayed. Marcel Aymé's "The Miraculous Barber" deals satirically with the corruption and moral bankruptcy of the wealthy upper middle class in the France of 1936.*

The Base in Heart

THE MIRACULOUS BARBER. By Marcel Aymé. Translated by Eric Sutton. New York: Harper & Bros. 248 pp. $3.

By Morris Bishop

BY THE time I had read three splendid chapters of "The Miraculous Barber" I had sketched out a little article on this theme: the significant writers are likely to be those who, like Trollope, Mark Twain, Marquand, and Marcel Aymé, write for the large public, are disregarded by the serious contemporaries, and are properly acclaimed only by posterity. But long before I finished the book I had cast my proposed article into the wastebasket of oblivion. No doubt Gide is more important than Marcel Aymé.

"The Miraculous Barber" is disappointing after "The Barkeep of Blémont." It begins beautifully with a mocking picture of the rich bourgeois of 1936, mean-minded, base-hearted, unfaithful to their country, to their spouses, to themselves. Parts of it are very acute, parts very funny. But as Aymé proceeds he falls into the trap set for the satirist. Striving constantly to heighten his effects, he pushes his satire into caricature. The reader resists, exclaiming "No, no!" (or "Ah ça, non!"). Illusion is lost; and it is notorious that illusions are more easily captured than recaptured.

Thus Aymé gives us a number of shots of an emancipated family, mad about all the fashionable arts, contemptuous of all tradition and morality. His characters become wilder and wilder, ridiculous rather than funny. Perhaps they are no more exaggerated than Molière's similar household in "Les Femmes savantes"; but Molière had the advantage of writing for actresses who could impose their flesh and blood reality on the spectators.

The author escapes from the dreadful entanglement of his plot by means of a miraculous barber who secretly rules France. The barber represents, I suppose, the eventual, fundamental virtuous common sense of the French common people. But the belated intrusion of a mystic note I find awkward and incongruous.

It is an irritating book. The author's perpetual tongue-in-cheek manner is wearisome. "Take your tongue out of your cheek!" we cry. "No wonder you leave a bad taste in the mouth!"

The book appeared in Paris in 1941 under the peculiar title of "Travelingue." (This I take to be the "traveling" shot of a movie camera, briefly passing in review the members of a group.) The date and place of publication are important. Aymé's picture of corruption, venality, moral and political bankruptcy, and universal *bêtise* under the *Front populaire* was heartily approved by the German censorship. Thus also his book could appeal to many Frenchmen seeking a cause for the disaster in the spiritual shortcomings of the prewar years. And the eventual reference to the virtue of the common man could console the unhappy reader of 1941.

But today the picture seems false or at the least absurdly distorted. "Uranus" of 1948 ("The Barkeep of Blémont") is a much better book. Perhaps Marcel Aymé will continue to progress and permit me to write that article.

The translation is by Eric Sutton and, naturally, is very good.

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Waiting Is Limbo

THE HAND OF THE HUNTER. By Jerome Weidman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 311 pp. $3.50.

By JOHN BROOKS

JEROME WEIDMAN, that laureate of Seventh Avenue who was responsible for "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" and "The Horse That Could Whistle 'Dixie,'" now blows the soot of Manhattan out of his lungs to breathe instead a chillier, damper air and examine the character and special reactions of a group of people on a British ship in the harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia, during the recent world war. The ship, the *Sirith*, is stuck there pending the formation of a convoy, and thus the people aboard her are involved in that curiously characteristic and indescribably nerve-racking wartime experience—that of waiting.

Mr. Weidman's particular concern is with Vincent Sloate (why such a name must be inflicted on the hero there is no telling), a forty-two-year-old certified public accountant who has a successful business on Madison Avenue, New York City, and a prosperous, happy home in Rye, Westchester County. The story is of how this secure and apparently uncomplicated man, while sealed on the *Sirith* waiting to get to Britain on a Government mission, undergoes one of those wartime emotional upheavals that have nothing to do with combat as such but everything to do with the mass state of mind of nations at war. So this is a historical novel, and may it stay that way.

Having such a traditional microcosm as a ship for the locale where Sloate goes through his crisis, Mr. Weidman, not to disappoint his fans, impales a few obnoxious or comical types: a radio writer who insists on calling himself an artist and sees everything that happens as a thirty-minute script; a British schoolboy with a positively Kiplingesque devotion to Crown and Empire; a couple of gossiping British stewards; and so on. There is really no one seriously involved in Sloate's crisis except himself, Mr. Muddiston, the *Sirith*'s fat and sinister purser, and Mrs. Neville, a British war-widow bound back home from Canada to do what she can.

The fact that Sloate's crisis expresses itself as a momentary, intense, and unhealthy infatuation for Mrs. Neville seems on the whole a weakness of the novel. The reader learns nothing of Mrs. Neville except how she pulls her coat on—this reminds Sloate of his wife—and she has scarcely a line of dialogue; indeed, Sloate himself knows no more than this of her, and the story focuses not on his relations with Mrs. Neville, which are non-existent, but on his violent reactions to the discovery that he is capable of such a capricious and meaningless attachment. This interesting idea seems not to have been explored fully enough to make a rich novel. All too tangential subjects out of Sloate's past—radio programs he has heard, bridge games his wife has been in, secretaries who have worked for him—are dragged in on rather flimsy pretexts, as if to fatten out into a novel what might have been an effective short story.

Now and again in a swiftly drawn scene Mr. Weidman succeeds in recreating with accuracy and even tenderness the pathetic and hysterical atmosphere of the tense non-combatant outposts in the recent war. The best scene in the book, I think, occurs not aboard the *Sirith* but in Halifax, where Mr. Yardruff, an elderly and emotionally broken British seaman, suddenly summons up enough authority to prevent some younger seamen, drunk in a cafeteria, from killing one of their number because they have nothing better to do.

Averted Hearts

THE SMOKING MOUNTAIN. By Kay Boyle. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 273 pp. $3.50.

By LOUISE FIELD COOPER

THE FOREBODING in the title of Kay Boyle's new book is borne out in the contents. Germany is "The Smoking Mountain," more particularly the American Zone of Occupation. In this collection of eleven short stories and one long essay the stories vary considerably in quality but they and the essay are beads strung on the cord of just one thought: the dreadfulness of war's aftermath; implicit in this is the waste and futility of war itself.

With compassion and dexterity the writer portrays the beaten—"vanquished" and "conquered" are words too proud-sounding to be used—the beaten men, women, and children and—"conquerors" would be again a wrong word to use—the men, with their attendant women and children, of the American Military Government, most of them well-intentioned and bewildered, some of them superficial and callous in the conduct of their job, some others degenerating. Among the Americans with a deep suspicion of the futility of the whole noble experiment would appear to be Miss Boyle, who has lived in Germany for the past four years.

The book is thrown out of balance by the seventy-five-page introductory essay, an account of the trial for murder of Heinrich Baab, written in close imitation of Rebecca West's celebrated prose. Miss West has been writing in this style of hers for some little time, and, though it must be admitted it is very contagious and pervasive, still it seems that Miss Boyle could have avoided it. Her real accomplishment is in the eleven short stories.

These accounts of life in Western Germany are sermons in the guise of

Marcel Aymé, Jerome Weidman, Kay Boyle—"ah ça, non!"

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fiction, and probably fiction is as good a way as any to induce us who sit comfortably at home to stop a minute to consider the magnitude of the problem of attempting to help a nation to a change of heart. Hearts being tricky merchandise to traffic in, our own should be tested for stoutness before we presume to say "Look; be different; then you will be happy, like us." The owners of the hearts given to Hitler are not being easily persuaded to dust them off and offer them all over again to democracy. Is it a help or a hindrance to this project that some of the members of the AMG feel that they alone have, by some mysterious transference, taken on the guilt the Germans should be feeling?

Miss Boyle refrains from delving into the question of why so many members of a nation can grow warped away from average sanity and confines herself to a quick, sharp sketching of small, present-day events. Each one of these stories gives the impression of being an almost verbatim account of occurrences in her own daily life or of incidents she has witnessed. She is adept at contrasting a sullen, averted people with the Christmas-card setting of the countryside they live in and the cozy, domestic aspect of the Germany of the past.

For instance: "The woman who opened the door of the *Gasthaus* to them wore the Hessian dress. . . . The American woman could speak a little German, and she told the *Gasthaus* keeper's wife that she wanted a room with two beds in it, where she and her little boy could stay for a while. As the woman mounted the dark wood stairs before them there was a wariness in the set of her narrow shoulders, and when they stood in the big clean room together it was there in the side of her face, in the small, close, cautious ear, the guarded eye. The ceiling was white and low, and the posts of the painted bedsteads seemed tall enough for the ceiling to rest upon them. The bedsteads were a primal blue in color, with flowers stenciled in them in clear yellow, red, and green. Between the posts billowed the soft, deep feather beds . . . bloated with plumage and immaculately white.

"'Let's live here,' the boy said, but the *Gasthaus* keeper's wife was not at all sure that they would be worth the trouble they would give. She moved across the wide boards of the floor to the doll-sized window . . . with the side of her hand she brushed the crisp little bodies of dead wasps from the window sill."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

IT'S SHE AGAIN!

Edith M. Wright, of Detroit, asks you to tell who or what is meant by the "she" in each of the following quotations and to name either the author or source. Allowing three points for each answer, sixty is par, sixty-six is very good, and seventy-two or better is excellent. Answers on page 20.

1. She saw her glories star by star expire.
2. She murmured, "Vain, in vain! it cannot be.
   He will not love me. How then? Must I die?"
3. One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way
   From her unhastie beast she did alight.
4. Backward she leans, as when the rose unblown
   Slides white from its warm sheath some morn in May.
5. She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
6. But she was som-del deef and that was scathe.
7. She plucked that piece of geranium flower
8. She looked at me as she did love
   And made sweet moan.
9. She gives me cream with all her might
   To eat with apple-tart.
10. Then with a thumb to keep her place,
    She would read, with stern and wrinkled face.
11. She looked a little wistfully
    Then went her sunshine way.
12. She shall be mine, and I will make
    A lady of my own.
13. She had three stout and stalwart sons.
14. She never found fault with you, never implied
    Your wrong by her right.
15. He raised a mortal to the skies;
    She drew an angel down.
16. Her gentle limbs she did undress, and lay down in her loveliness.

Moment of Decision

THE GROTTO. By Grace Zaring Stone. New York: Harper & Bros. 249 pp. $3.

By James Gray

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL situation of the homosexual has been presented in fiction many times by writers whose talents touch every level of quality from that of a Nobel prize winner, the late André Gide, to that of the most tawdry sensation seeker. But all these discussions have left the subject for the ordinarily responsive reader where it was for him to begin with, in the terra incognita of blank misgiving.

In her new novel, "The Grotto," Grace Zaring Stone takes up the problem of the crucial choice from a new point of view. Her story deals only with the moment of decision. It begins and ends in doubt, offering no glib comment, no easy exit out of a dilemma. But the tone of her treatment will perhaps for the first time satisfy many readers. It is sensitive and compassionate without being sentimental; it is urgent in its appeal to the kind of moral poise which considers the issue to be one of saving others from inevitable pain, yet it avoids all trivial or vehement censoriousness.

Celia Thorne has recognized in her nineteen-year-old son the symptoms of arrested development on the emotional level. No blind and blatant representative of the cult to which Philip Wylie has given the name Momism, she undertakes to remove the boy from the dangers of an intense friendship by persuading him to go with her on a European journey. But in Italy she inadvertently drops him into a situation much more threatening. For Freddy Foliot, an enormously successful American writer, whom mother and son encounter near Naples, is plausible, witty, and unscrupulous. His attraction for the boy Evan is both personal and intellectual; it is also deeply unsettling.

In the highly dramatic setting of Freddy's rented villa, with the sun gleaming fiercely upon them one day and the sirocco seeming to blow madness over their heads the next, these people move toward the climactic scene of a curious triangle situation. Celia has imagined desperately that she may get help from her old friend whom she has regarded as a kind of high priest of common sense. But her confidences have exactly the wrong effect on a man whose pretense to a gift for earthy shrewdness always has been nothing but the screen for con-

(*Continued on page* 43)

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The U.S.A. & The World.

It is a sad commentary on the nature of our age that in spring, the season traditionally associated with hope and the renewal of life, men should start scanning the horizon fearfully for evidence of hostile moves by potential enemies. The arrival of another spring is causing Americans to consider anew where their country's foreign policy has brought them during the past winter. For this spring soul-searching the three books reviewed below are uncommonly useful. Sumner Welles's "Seven Decisions That Shaped History" is an intelligent, informed, and independent critique of the Roosevelt foreign policy by one of its chief architects. In "Peace Can Be Won" former ECA head Paul Hoffman analyzes the myriad problems now perplexing the American people and proposes a positive program for meeting them. "War in Korea" is the vivid, personal story of Marguerite Higgins, our only woman combat correspondent and one of the ablest reporters of any sex.

The Strategy of Freedom

PEACE CAN BE WON. By Paul Hoffman. New York: Doubleday & Co. 192 pp. Cloth $2.50. Paper $1.

By Frank Altschul

IN A volume illuminated by bright shafts of shrewd common sense Paul Hoffman advances the proposition that "Peace Can Be Won." But whether it will be won in fact is quite another matter. In Mr. Hoffman's view this depends in a measure upon our pursuing tenaciously a line of conduct which he develops with Euclidean clarity. Beyond this it depends to a very large extent upon decisions taken within the Soviet Union—decisions which by placing the Atlantic world in a secure "posture of Defense" we may be able to influence but which clearly we cannot determine.

On this account, while emphasizing "as has President Truman on every occasion, that our purpose is peace," we must parry the four-pronged assault of Soviet strategy. As long as the present tension lasts we must accept the dismal necessity of devoting much of our energy and of our productivity to meeting the challenge of the Kremlin on the "military, economic, political, and psychological" fronts. This means, first of all, pressing forward rapidly with the program now underway of rearming ourselves and our allies. It means the early adoption by the Congress of Universal Military Service in order that we may have available with a minimum of delay adequate manpower skilled in the use of modern weapons. Mr. Hoffman is enough of a realist to see that the commitment of troops far beyond our continental limits is an essential element in the defense of our frontiers. Accordingly, without engaging in any of the vituperation that has clouded the Great Debate, he takes his stand with those who accept in the fullest sense the obligation of leadership which the present crisis imposes upon the United States.

Munitions and men are required on a huge scale. "This training for war in time of peace is not a process that comes easily to anti-militarist Americans. Yet only by recognizing the scope of the disaster that awaits us if we falter and by agreeing to sacrifice convenience and comfort in order to obtain freedom can we or our ideal of freedom manage to survive." But we need allies as well and so we must endeavor to strengthen the bonds of comradeship which have been forged in the United Nations, in the Pan-American Union, and above all in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, which Mr. Hoffman rightly conceives to lie "at the heart of the free world's defense." In a word, the balance of power which we have permitted to shift so gravely to our disadvantage must be promptly restored. In no other manner can the temptation be removed which military weakness offers to an aggressor on the prowl.

But this is not enough. In the struggle which presently divides the world we must continue to draw on our vast resources to meet the more urgent requirements of allies and potential friends. By extending aid in accordance with the principle that "we can help only those who help themselves" we make what may be a decisive contribution to the growing strength of the free world. But "to get maximum effectiveness out of the dollars we spend abroad whether they go for recovery, for development of retarded economies, or for building up military defenses *one* government agency must have the primary responsibility for allocating all funds." No one can speak to this point with greater authority than Mr. Hoffman. Out of his rich experience he develops a cogent case for the creation of an "Overseas Economic Administration" to be charged with the responsibility of administering "all aid and technical assistance programs abroad."

Mr. Hoffman is well aware that implicit in rearmament and in the continuation of foreign aid lies the danger of ruinous inflation. "We must stop inflation," he contends. More than this, he submits a blueprint for stopping it or, at the very least, for holding it within bounds. Those who have followed with concern the mystifying improvisations of the Economic Stabilization Agency will be struck by these words:

> It is natural to think first of direct controls, particularly price controls. Unfortunately, price controls alone neither can avert or check inflation. Indeed, since they keep prices from rising they make it possible for consumers to buy *more* goods rather than less.

Mr. Hoffman sets forth the manner in which price control inevitably leads to rationing, then, spreading over an ever larger number of commodities, to wage control as well. Taken together these constitute a "triumvirate" under which a free economy is bound to languish. While recognizing that there may be circumstances under which they must be imposed, Mr. Hoffman underscores their inherent danger. They should at best be used with utmost caution. And as they have no curative value of their own they should in any event be preceded or accompanied by other measures upon which Mr. Hoffman places greater reliance and which in an illuminating exposition he describes at length.

In respect to the political and ideological fronts Mr. Hoffman's recommendations are no less stimulating and precise. The written or the spoken word may be the instruments of propaganda but the policies of government furnish its essential raw material. "As

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the leader of the free world" the United States "must by deeds and words make clear to all peoples our devotion to the ideal of a free, peaceful, and more ample life for all men. Ours in a new sense must be a propaganda of the deed, of visible accomplishments." Mr Hoffman presents the skeleton of a "free world doctrine." He feels that if we are to carry conviction of the justice of our cause far and wide we must have the wit to formulate a restatement of our political credo in terms of the world of today.

In the concluding chapter Mr. Hoffman makes the assumption that, conscious of our danger, we will "wage the peace on all fronts with vigor, imagination, and dedication." In this event regardless of what the Soviet Union may do "our situation will be vastly improved." But what the Soviet Union actually will do remains for Mr. Hoffman, as for the rest of us, an unanswered question. He doubts whether we can establish a modus vivendi with its present regime. He is confident that the downfall of this regime "is inherent in its very structure." Only the manner and the time of its downfall remain uncertain. But this constitutes a critical gap in our knowledge which, to say the very least, should furnish an imperious reason for pursuing vigorously the course Mr. Hoffman has charted.

This book is an important contribution to our search for an enduring peace grounded on justice and human freedom. At the same time, facing the possibility that in spite of all our efforts peace may elude us, it lays the basis for a comprehensive strategy of victory. In "Peace Can Be Won" Mr. Hoffman presents a tract for the times which should be widely read.

Frank Altschul is president of General American Investors Co. and a director of Radio Free Europe. He is the author of "Let No Wave Engulf Us."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Rome, in "Childe Harold," by Byron. 2. Elaine, in "Lancelot and Elaine," by Tennyson. 3. Una, in "Faerie Queene," by Spenser. 4. "Venus of Milo," by Noyes. 5. "Evangeline," by Longfellow. 6. The Wife of Bath, in "Canterbury Tales," by Chaucer. 7. "Evelyn Hope," by Browning. 8. "La Belle Dame sans Merci," by Keats. 9. "The Cow," by Stevenson. 10. "Old Susan," by Walter de la Mare. 11. "Daisy," by Francis Thompson. 12. Lucy, in "Three Years She Grew," by Wordsworth. 13. "The Wife of Usher's Well," by Anon. 14. "My Kate," by Elizabeth Browning. 15. St. Cecilia, in "Alexander's Feast," by Dryden. 16. "Christabel," by Coleridge.

Almost Alone at the Front

WAR IN KOREA: The Report of a Woman Combat Correspondent. By Marguerite Higgins. New York: Doubleday & Co. 233 pp. $3.

By S. L. A. Marshall

"CHICAGO," that play of yesteryear, had one unforgettable line: "Roxie Hart—what a dame!" It comes naturally to mind after reading this book straight through.

I have never met Maggie Higgins, but I would be standing in line; she takes a nice picture and she writes a whale of a war story. In fact, this Maggie's eye view of the Korean police action is downright irresistible in its candor, in its simple expression of things which many of us feel strongly but can't say very well, in its change of pace between the tragedy of the battlefield and the high comedy of much human behavior in close relationship to it, and in all that is said of the ordeal of the female correspondent.

Many of her word pictures are remarkable for their ability to convey much in little; where she philosophizes at all about man in battle her style is almost epigrammatic, and many of her observations have such a true ring that they deserve to be remembered and widely quoted. Consider this: "General Walker was a short, stubby man of bulldog expression and defiant stance." Or this: "He was the nervous, officious type that the Army seems to have a talent for producing." Then this: "Later, watching soldiers and marines march miles and then fight all day and night without sleep, I realized what a comparatively small dosage of exhaustion we correspondents had to endure." And finally this: "As for 'facilities for ladies'—a euphemism employed by generals when they want to be delicate about latrines—nobody in Korea, including the Koreans, worried much about powder rooms. There is no shortage of bushes in Korea."

That is slightly exaggerated. Korea is almost as barren of bushes as of privies. But I think Maggie makes her point. While the whole Army was worrying about her sensibilities she had left them behind in the locker. To her mind it was important to show the world that a woman can face the discomfort and danger of the battlefield as bravely as a man. Some in the Korean area still say that it was a small point and not worth proving. But none ever suggests that Maggie was lacking in the stuff of which heroes (please don't say heroines) are made.

However, her Korean odyssey should not be evaluated at more than its true worth. As a running account of the war it walks. As history it is unbalanced and highly inaccurate both in such minor details as personal names or military rank and such major matters as the movements of regiments and the order in which various units proceeded into an attack. Miss Higgins is a good reporter but not quite experienced enough to have a sense of proportion on war. This fault would not be revealed in daily correspondence; it looms large when she writes book-length. Whatever happened within her immediate orbit becomes *ipso facto* a pivotal event; but she couldn't be everywhere at one time, and the lusty blows dealt in other sectors than her own go almost unmentioned. For example, the stirring defense of the Naktong line is subordinated altogether to an eyewitness account of a small affair near Masan which was concurrent with it.

—*Wide World.*

Marguerite Higgins—"what a dame!"

This is somewhat disappointing in a book titled "War in Korea," though it would have been quite acceptable under some such heading as, "Marguerite Higgins—Sometimes Almost Alone at the War Front." This isn't said in jest. It must have been a terribly lonely experience for one woman. And "War in Korea" just doesn't fit the best part of what Maggie has to say.

S. L. A. Marshall, member of the editorial staff of the Detroit News, *recently returned from Korea. During World War II Colonel Marshall was European theatre historian for the War Department.*

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A Statesman Ponders Myth

SEVEN DECISIONS THAT SHAPED HISTORY. By Sumner Welles. New York: Harper & Bros. 236 pp. $3.

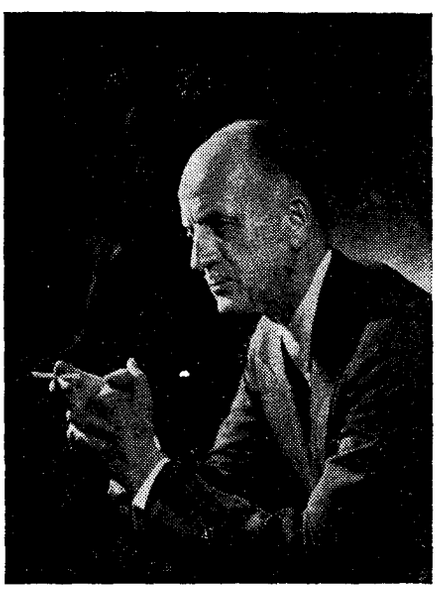
By Vera Micheles Dean

ONE OF the most tragic aspects of public life in the United States is the ruthless way in which the talents of men and women who aspire to serve the best interests of the country and possess the qualifications to do so are again and again relegated to the scrap heap while, as current investigations make painfully clear, incompetents or actual criminals are permitted to remain in positions of power. In this great democracy, where cries for leadership are constantly heard, the rate of obsolescence for human beings is more rapid than it is for cars. Intelligence and experience appear to be bars and not passports to continued participation in national affairs. And we discard our public servants at so relatively early an age that we have practically forgotten their existence by the time they might usefully serve as "elder statesmen."

This sad conclusion comes inevitably to mind in reading Sumner Welles's forthright and trenchant analysis of the principal decisions taken by President Roosevelt before and during World War II, which, as he points out in his title, "shaped history." Mr. Welles, who as Under Secretary of State worked closely with the President during those critical years, wrote this book in the hope of giving "the American people a chance to offset many of the myths that they are being asked to credit against facts that are indisputable." He feared that "lasting harm may be done by some of the recent efforts to falsify the record made by President Roosevelt." The danger as he sees it "is that, by their attempt to blacken the character of the man whose memory they would assassinate, the Roooseveltt-haters may also kill the ideas with which his name is associated"—above all, the idea of the United Nations. That this is, indeed, a clear and present danger everyone familiar with the mythology created by opponents of Roosevelt as well as by devotees of policy by hindsight will emphatically agree. So effective has this mythology already proved in obscuring both the record of the past and the issues now at stake that one can only hope Mr. Welles's admirable attempt to place Roosevelt's foreign policy in its proper historical perspective has not come too late.

Mr. Welles does not conceal his feelings or temper his judgments about the men responsible for the making of policy during his term of office. He was and remains an ardent admirer of Roosevelt (whom he describes as "one of that rare and select number who 'see visions and dream dreams' ") —and this in itself sets him apart in a period when so many self-styled New Dealers have run to cover. Yet he sees no reason to minimize what he considers the mistakes or idiosyncrasies of the President. He had a high regard for Henry L. Stimson but thought that Stimson's proposal for postwar policing of the world by the four great Powers as an alternative to the President's plan for the United Nations organization "would have been an experiment in sheer power politics." He does not mince words about former Secretary of State Byrnes ("His intentions were doubtless of the best. But he had no perception of the fundamental issues that were at stake), or about former President Herbert Hoover ("I believe it would be difficult to find in the history of the United States a man who as President demonstrated less vision and less comprehension of how American influence might be best exercised in this nation's interest and in the interest of world peace than Mr. Hoover did during those dark years of growing international crisis between 1929 and 1933").

But it is for Cordell Hull, Secretary of State during the prewar and war years, that Mr. Welles reserves his most barbed comments. He found the President on one occasion "harassed and irritated by Mr. Hull's persistent objections." He himself repeatedly clashed with Mr. Hull, and his intimate collaboration with the President, with whom, he says, "it was always a joy to work," only served to exacerbate his growing friction with Hull. In his sustained critique of the former Secretary of State Mr. Welles goes so far as to say that the responsibility for the loss of the last "frail chance" to check Hitler in 1937 by a proposed Armistice Day appeal on the part of Roosevelt "can be laid at the doors only of two men—Neville Chamberlain and Cordell Hull."



—*Karsh.*

Sumner Welles—"forthright, trenchant."

In his analysis of Roosevelt's wartime decisions Mr. Welles courageously tackles the issues that have aroused the most acute controversy in this country. He considers that the President was justified in recognizing the Vichy Government on the grounds that this decision prevented French North Africa from falling into the hands of the Germans and thereby subsequently facilitated Allied victory in Africa and liberation of France. He agreed with Roosevelt that given the state of American public opinion, which reacted negatively and in many quarters with hostility to the President's trial-balloon "quarantine" speech in 1937, it would have been impossible to impose an embargo on Japan before Pearl Harbor without inviting Japanese retaliation on British and Dutch possessions, which Americans were at that time not interested in defending. In this connection he points out that "America's need for a United Nations organization under which collective action against an aggressor might be instantly possible became more apparent to the President in consequence of his heartbreaking difficulties in finding ways to carry out a Far Eastern policy that would work."

Where Mr. Welles fundamentally disagreed with Roosevelt was on the issue of whether or not the Allies should have postponed political and territorial decisions until after the end of the war. Mr. Welles believes that had the United States exerted the immense influence it possessed immediately after Pearl Harbor the USSR might have proved far more amenable to acceptance of moderate terms than it proved after its armies had defeated the Germans and overrun Eastern Europe. He points out in explanation of Roosevelt's decision to postpone the settlements that the President was deeply influenced by the judgment of Allied military leaders, who argued that the winning of the war was the paramount objective, and by his own determination to maintain national unity, which might have been jeopardized had the rights and wrongs of Poles, Russians, Czechs, Germans, and so on been debated while the outcome of the conflict still hung in the balance. Yet Mr. Welles is convinced that Roosevelt's decision to postpone discussion "was largely responsible for

(*Continued on page* 42)

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"Damn the Torpedoes!"

IT IS over thirty years since Upton Sinclair, Edgar Lee Masters, Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, Sinclair Lewis, and the rest of them turned the American myth upside down. These writers and others who were responsible for what amounted to a revolution destroyed almost overnight the immense and crumbling edifice of Victorian beliefs, customs, and morality. They prepared the ground for the novelists who immediately followed them and established the critical and intellectual atmosphere in which F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, John Steinbeck, Ernest Hemingway, and William Faulkner could develop their own themes. They were the forerunners, whom it is now becoming the custom to underrate and deride.

Nothing resembling this literary revolution occurred anywhere else in the world. In England Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells introduced new conceptions of social and scientific progress but left intact the old fabric. They were affirmers rather than deniers; they left the old walls standing, while they revealed what the future ruled by science and logic might be like. In Germany Thomas Mann had attacked the upper middle class, in France Proust had revealed the decay of what remained of the old aristocracy; but no single character in any of their books left as enduring an impression as Sinclair Lewis's Babbitt or his Dodsworth. Neither Lewis's plainly satiric mood nor a certain monotony with which he emphasized the conventional clichés of his talkative characters could hide the fact that he was writing about an unsung class of human beings. The American novel of manners, illustrated at its best by William Dean Howells and Henry James, fell under the impact of this naturalistic approach to the people of the village and the town. It was a revolt from the pseudo-pastoral and the sentimental, and it was almost the first sign that the Pollyanna strain in American litterature and the infantile flight into the kind of escape offered by the now unreadable novels of Harold Bell Wright and Zane Grey were coming to an end.

It was astonishing that the significance of this revolt was so immediately understood, not only in this country but by English critics and writers. Like any natural phenomenon, it seemed incomprehensible that it had taken so long to come to pass. It was so thoroughly accomplished in so brief a time that the younger writers whose best books appeared in the late Twenties and the Thirties had to develop new themes and find untouched soil. Some of them wrote of violence and war, others developed the novel of social consciousness or the story of the expatriates of the jazz age or became sentimentally lyrical about the virtues of poverty in the years of the long depression.

There could be little contact artistically or personally between these two almost contemporary schools. Fitzgerald confronted by the massive and rude Dreiser would have had an uncomfortable visit; Lewis and Hemingway could not have met on any intellectual or moral ground; that dour ravisher of a New England graveyard, Edgar Lee Masters, would have failed to see any virtue in Saroyan; and Dos Passos would probably have found William Faulkner more than usually monosyllabic. Yet the younger men, especially Thomas Wolfe, owed the conceptions on which their careers were founded to their still living and creating elders. When a dam in an arid region is broken the fertilizing waters do not flow back to their source.

This brief summary of these two forces in our recent literature is useful only to point out the developments that are now continuing. In the Twenties and Thirties the American scene was presented by writers who were, like most of their countrymen, isolationist in their concentration on their homeland. They were products of its first world conflict and the Depression, when even schoolboys paraded for no more wars. It was a regrettable error of the majority of our critics and book reviewers, including the present writer, to assume that the young men in uniform who would turn to their typewriters when they were demobilized after World War II would instinctively rediscover the United States.

The argument was easy to follow but fallacious. Under the pressure of war our industrial and economic progress had been prodigious; compared with the broken cities, the ragged and hungry human beings they had seen abroad, the land to which they returned was one of milk and honey, strident with prosperity. They were urged, if they were dismayed by the backyards of Chicago or New York, to survey with enthusiasm the oil wells of the Southwest, to take a long look at the growth of California and Oregon or the prosperity of the Mississippi Valley farmers. But they turned a deaf ear to the suggestion that the evolution of a capitalist society diluted by a beneficent Socialism was worthy of the attention of a serious novelist.

ACTUALLY, our new writers, who on the whole are not as young as they might be, looked around them at their home cities, towns, and villages and in one way or another expressed a profound distaste for what they saw. Many of them devoted themselves wholeheartedly to evidences of racial discrimination and other sins which are present in many societies. What unenlightened citizens considered progress they turned into violent caricatures of what had seemed to be reality. They neglected the new industrial prosperity of the Southeast and found the land degenerate; they glanced at American workmen or salesmen presumably content with the largest wages in history and discovered that they were ridden with neuroticism and a wish for death. Failing to find any American philosophy hopeless enough to suit their needs they turned back to Franz Kafka's obscurantism or forward to despairing existentialism. They gave us almost everything but what we expected from them and in the process turned out creative books which show no trace of provincialism or any acceptance of the creeds by which most of us live.

They are now busy producing a forceful and imaginative literature which has little resemblance to the work of our prewar writers. There is a dissident younger group consisting of Tennessee Williams, Gore Vidal, Truman Capote, Frederick Buechner, Paul Bowles, Speed Lamkin, and others, in turn violent, fantastic, and misogynous, all of whom are the counterparts of no one but themselves. There are also excellent war novelists, unblushing realists like James Jones, and sober observers of the contemporary scene. The new American novelists are thriving and will continue to

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gain strength unless another world war scatters our future creators over the seven seas. The only sensible advice to give to young writers comes out of the Civil War: "Damn the torpedoes, full steam ahead!" —H. S.

A Problem in Equality

EDITOR'S NOTE *The following guest editorial is by Edward R. Murrow, distinguished reporter and news analyst for the Columbia Broadcasting System.*

FOR the first time in this country's history definite steps are being proposed to create an intellectual elite. High officials in our Government urge that promising college students be deferred from the draft. Already 1,000 examination centers at which college students will take tests for possible draft deferment have been named. Scores on the tests together with evidence of scholastic performance in college will be used by local Draft Boards in considering the eligibility of students for deferment. We don't yet know what a "passing" or, rather, a "deferring" score will be. But it seems plain that the system, whatever its details, represents a new departure for the United States and raises some pertinent questions as to just what this country is trying to do.

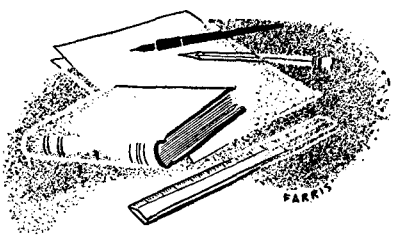
First, let's get the facts straight. The Selective Service law passed by Congress says "that adequate provision for national security requires maximum effort in the fields of scientific research and development, and the fullest possible utilization of the nation's technological, scientific, and other critical manpower resources." In order to carry out this directive General Hershey, the director of Selective Service, appointed six committees representing various fields of scholarship. These committees made recommendations in 1948 and repeated them in 1950, and their recommendations are the basis of the present college deferment order. The objective is to develop a corps of trained and specialized personnel that will be available for the nation's use. Those bright and promising students who pass the tests will be deferred; their obligation to serve will not be canceled. If the student fails to live up to his promise the deferment can be revoked. But, remember, this deferment is possible for any student now in or preparing to enter college, regardless of how obscure or unimportant to the national welfare his field of study may be.

What about the nineteen-year-old whose parents cannot afford to send him to college? There is no deferment for him. What about the student who has scrambled and worked his way through high school and whose intellectual equipment may have suffered as a result? Is deferment going to be possible only for those whose parents happen to have been intelligent or wealthy? Are those studying for medicine or physics to be deferred equally with those who propose to study Sanskrit or French literature? Are the armed forces to get only the bottom half or the bottom third of the class? And can anyone, even the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, devise a test that will tell whether a college freshman will make any contribution after four years of college in the fields of scientific research and development, thus to assure "the fullest possible utilization of the nation's technological, scientific, and other critical manpower resources"?

These are questions left unanswered by the new directive. It seems to assume that enrollment in college is proof positive of a man's future usefulness to the maintenance of the national health, safety, or interest.

If this rule had been applied in earlier days people like the Wright brothers, Mark Twain, Phil Murray, Andrew Carnegie, Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, and Harry S. Truman, among others, wouldn't have had a chance of being deferred, because none of them went to college. If we pursued this line of reasoning into the area of civil defense, should we ever require it actively, then we would have to conclude that the citizen of better than average intelligence would have no obligation to fight fires or to help pull the wounded from under buildings or try to stop the flow of blood.

We have never proceeded in this country on the basis of giving preference to an intellectual elite. We have deferred people on the basis of the usefulness to the state of their occupation or the profession for which they were trained. But we have never, I think, attempted to decide who should carry a musket on the basis of his intellectual horsepower. This effort to acquire fire power without damaging intellectual power presents great difficulties. The advisory committees—and they were very distinguished—specifically rejected a proposal that college exemptions be granted only on the basis of essential occupations, because the committees held that it is not possible to determine in advance what field of knowledge will be useful in time of emergency.



It is of course necessary in crisis as in calm to nourish the minds of the youth of the nation and to fertilize research in all disciplines of learning, including the physical sciences and the humanities. But it is not less necessary to remember that in our history the word equality has been as important as test tubes, laboratories, and research into the lower forms of animal life.

We are now concerned in a time of crisis to prevent the threat of war from drawing too heavily upon our future reservoir of intellectual power. Had we been equally vigilant about this in the days of peace the present problem might not be so acute. But when we embark upon a policy which attempts to sort out at an early age those who at some future date may be so valuable to the State that they cannot be risked in combat—well, that will require quite a test as well as quite a departure from our traditions.

—EDWARD R. MURROW.

Work in Progress

READERS may be able to assist the following, who are looking for material pertaining to their areas of investigation:

W. H. Hutchinson, Cohasset Stage, Chico, Calif., is looking for letters of Eugene Manlove Rhodes for a volume projected by the Henry F. Huntington Library. . . . Scott C. Osborn, 126 S. Arcadia Park, Lexington, Ky., is preparing a dissertation on Richard Harding Davis, wants unpublished material, letters, etc., and to hear from anyone who knew Davis. . . . Justin Turner, 6305 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, Calif., preparing a check list of manuscript Revolutionary War orderly books and journals, wishes to hear from owners of whatever mss. are not in public institutions. . . . Robert G. Jaeger, 580 Summit Ave., Maplewood, N. J., wishes guidance to material for his thesis "Managed Money from John Law to John Keynes." . . . Thomas C. O'Donnell, Boonville, N. Y., is preparing a history of the old Fairfield Seminary (known from 1803 to 1840 as Fairfield Academy—also Medical College) and looks for documents pertaining.

Allan Ross Macdougall, 38 Union Sq., New York 3, requested by Norma Millay to collect and edit a volume of the letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay, would like to hear from anyone having letters. Special care of originals and return by registered mail.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Food for India

SIR: Norman Cousins's poignant account of the food crisis in India [*SRL* Mar. 31] has aroused our interest to do something about this appalling situation.

At the present time Congress seems to be at a standstill in regard to President Truman's request to send wheat to India. For this reason we would be interested to know whether any concerted efforts are being made by the American public to feed the starving people of India.

If no such program exists we would like to participate in the organization of a food drive—similar to the "Friendship Trains" that sent food to France and Italy a few years back. We are fully aware that such an undertaking is a tremendous task, but if Congress does not give its approval within a few weeks we feel that even small-scale aid will be better than no aid at all. In addition, food other than grain appears to be needed to ease the situation.

ANNE RISCH.
WISTARIA NISHIMURA.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Readers who wish to participate in attempts to expedite food to India are urged to communicate with Dorothy Norman, chairman of The American Emergency Food Committee for India, 124 East 70th St., New York 21, N. Y. As an immediate measure it is suggested that readers write or wire their Congressmen.*

Understanding Chaplin

SIR: The hardest thing for a critic to do is to concentrate on what he is reviewing instead of writing all of his own opinions about the subject. Arthur Knight's review of my book "Charlie Chaplin" [*SRL* Apr. 7] praises many aspects of it including the placing on record of "nearly everything there is to tell about Chaplin," while adding that I do not say *why*. He writes: "Why has the screen's greatest comedian been subjected to constant persecution in the courts, in the newspapers, in his private life?" Why have Errol Flynn, Ingrid Bergman, and other prominent people been "persecuted" in courts and newspapers? It was not the purpose of my book to analyze human nature or criticize the existing social system and moral codes. My primary aim was to make a concordance of Chaplin's art. I feel that I can objectively state that I covered his films as well as his childhood, stage career, personal relationships, and the influences on him more completely than any other book in print.

All great men have been enigmas and full of contradictions. Their personalities and characters are the sum total of these enigmas, contradictions, and deeds. The various aspects of Chaplin's life are presented without bias so that the reader can form his own conclusions. Mr. Knight is inconsistent when he claims I deal only with facts. He states that all of Chaplin himself and his ideas are in the pictures. Earlier he notes that in my book "each film is described in detail."

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But General Hannibal—we're out of peanuts!"

He also admits that in the book are "clues, hints, indications." Then what does he mean by saying, "Brought together, they may yet reveal the enigma of Charlie Chaplin"? I do not consider it necessary for a biographer of such a complex personality to issue pontifical statements or indulge in "theoretical" speculations.

In discussing the latter-day Chaplin Mr. Knight tells us nothing that has not been said many times in different words elsewhere: he hints at nothing new that will make us "understand" Chaplin. The line Mr. Knight wishes I had followed is obvious, but 300 pages of "the little underdog revolting against social forces" and the common man being inevitably crushed by "a society based on greed and cruelty" might have been somewhat cloying. There have been too many "interpretations" of Chaplin distorted by the writer's injection of his own personality and political convictions.

THEODORE HUFF.

New York, N. Y.

Barrack-Room Novels

SIR: Harold Fromm's letter [*SRL* Mar. 24] was most disquieting. I hope that the majority opinion of his freshman English class does not represent a trend.

The statement [about Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead"] that "this false rawness . . . was not representative of most people, Army or no" has two big holes in it. First, and most obviously, it was not "false rawness," for it was extremely accurate—possibly a little on the bowdlerized side. I don't know what Mr. Fromm's experience has been, but mine in the Navy bore out Mr. Mailer—and I'm sure that the Navy is not *much* more wicked than the Army. Second, the book was not trying to represent "most people." It was showing us a specific group of people in the specific situation of modern jungle war. The generalizations which we make from it are not so much about the people, or most people, but about what war does to people.

It very well may be that today's frankness is franker than Mr. Fromm cares to have it, but it is also true that today's warfare is infinitely more degrading than any thinking man cares to have it—just ask anybody on either side in Korea. And if we are not willing to listen to Mr. Mailer (and possibly Mr. Jones; I haven't yet read his book), then all the destruction of World War II and our bloody commitment in Korea will come to nothing. Unless we can find an alternative to war as a means of defending the dignity of the individual that sacred dignity will be destroyed by the very thing which attempts to protect it.

WILL C. JUMPER.

Modesto, Calif.

Not Enlightened

SIR: R. E. Malone's letter [*SRL* Mar. 24] anent Gore Vidal's review of "Finistère" is hardly what one expects to find in your columns in this "enlightened age." That the premise of Mr. Peter's second book is not an unfamiliar one is self-evident, but the fact that he has treated it with unique insight and unusual good taste entitles him to a more rational reaction than that experienced by R. E. Malone, who brings to mind the worst excesses of the critics of the recent Rossellini film. Your readers do expect a more objective approach to literary criticism and many of them find it difficult to understand your apparent endorsement of the "tiuhd-of-it-all" reader.

PAUL J. UIHLEIN.

Cincinnati, O.

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Religion. *Beginning on April 20 and continuing for seven days the five million members of the Jewish congregations in the United States celebrate the feast of the Passover, commemorating their ancestors' deliverance from bondage in Egypt. To enable Christians to comprehend the faith of this important minority (and to refresh the memories of the many Jews whose recollection of their heritage has grown dim) Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein has written a lucid little expository volume "What the Jews Believe" (page 27). The Society of Friends ("Quakers") has only 160,000 members, but its influence on American life has been in inverse ratio to the numbers. Rufus Jones, perhaps the foremost Quaker spokesman of this century, is the subject of a new biography discussed on page 26. The burning faith in God revealed in "Peter Moen's Diary," the extraordinary document kept by a Norwegian prisoner of the Nazis, transcends all sectarianism.*

Man in His Loneliness

PETER MOEN'S DIARY. Translated by Bjorn Koefoed. New York: Creative Age Press. 176 *pp.* $3.

By Robert Pick

WHEN the Gestapo tortured Peter Moen for the first time he asked himself, "How *can* God let such a thing happen?" In suffering or witnessing what men can inflict on their fellowmen uncounted mortals before him have asked that question; and many a sincere man has felt, as Peter Moen did, that "thinking comes to a standstill when it is faced with that problem." Reared in what appears to have been a religious Protestant home, Peter Moen was driven into his own search for an answer to that question and beyond it into a personal search for God and His nature. He has left behind a unique document. Its fame throughout Europe is justified.

How this diary was retrieved from under the floor of his prison cell after Norway's liberation and how—to begin with—it was written and stowed away under the eyes of bestial turnkeys is a great story in itself. Suffice it, here, to say that Peter Moen, a man of about forty when the Germans invaded his country, was a conventionally educated middle-class citizen working for an insurance company. He got into the Underground, became the editor of a clandestine newspaper, and in 1944 was arrested by the Gestapo. He spent 214 days in an Oslo prison, seventy-five of them in solitary confinement. Early in the fall of 1944 the Nazis put him, together with many others, on a ship bound for Germany. The vessel struck a mine, and Peter Moen drowned.

Apparently he had had no interest whatsoever in metaphysics or theology prior to his imprisonment. His hobby was mathematics. In his cell he often "spent the entire day in mathematical speculation." "It's very useful," he noted one day, "to be without reference books. I must find the solution myself. . . ." Without a Bible—or the copy of Pascal he was longing for—he applied the same spirit to his religious meditations.

They led him nowhere. His diary contains no message. It is the record of one man's struggle against his conviction that "all belief is subjective and conditional."

> No God exists outside the human mind. . . . The idea of God is also understandable as a cosmic projection of the framework of the Oedipus complex. . . .
>
> *Si Dieu n'existe pas, il faut l'inventer.* . . . Metaphysical and religious "thinking" is pure nonsense; but like a wanderer in the desert I thirst for "the water of life." . . .
>
> If there is a God and He can be reached through prayer, then I too must be able to experience Him.

These are some of Peter Moen's most telling entries during the first stage of his confinement. He tried with all his strength to reach faith through subjective thought.

On the thirty-second day faith was given him "for one second or two." He had a vision of Christ's head crowned with thorns. "This is a *real* experience," he wrote down before describing it in a poem, in which he begs of Christ "Let me call You my brother in need and pain!"

But on the following day Peter Moen made a point of reminding himself that his vision had "not been the traditional crucifix of the Catholic Church." And when he later shared a cell with two others and life assumed a more "normal" aspect again he wrote with tragic ambivalence, "In suffering you found the way to salvation by God; now that you believe the danger has passed you make it all the work of man, of psychology, and 'coincidence.'" And finally, "The dogmatic claims of faith were rejected by my intellectual self." Still he knew that "the 'great prize' [had] slipped away from [his] hands."

Peter Moen—"with merciless honesty."

His failure seems to have worked as a challenge to his preoccupation with his personal ethics. He had on the rack given away two of his underground co-workers; his remorse grew with each new day. He reproached himself continuously with having shown too little love to his wife. He even exerted himself to improve his relationship with a loathsome cellmate. He never stopped analyzing his own reactions. He clung to his intellectual faculties as his only guide.

Written with merciless honesty, this is an important book. Mid-twentieth-century man in his loneliness emerges from its pages with far greater clarity than from between the covers of many an ambitious novel about mid-twentieth-century man's political dilemma.

Robert Pick, an Austrian-born novelist, is author of "The Terhoven File" and "Guests of Don Lorenzo." Several years ago he held a Guggenheim fellowship. He is well known as an English translator of German books.

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With the Light Shining Through

RUFUS JONES: Master Quaker. By David Hinshaw. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 306 *pp.* $4.

By FREDERICK B. TOLLES

THE SOCIETY of Friends has always had a special capacity for producing unique personalities, men and women whose religious "concerns" have made a measurable impact upon their own and succeeding times. One thinks of George Fox and William Penn in the seventeenth century, of John Woolman and Anthony Benezet in the eighteenth, of Lucretia Mott and John Bright in the nineteenth. Beyond question *the* Quaker of the first half of the twentieth century was Rufus M. Jones.

He was cradled in the Quaker community of South China in the state of Maine and to the end of his long life, as he proudly acknowledged, his speech "bewrayed" his origins. He grew up in a conservative Quaker home, saturated with "the reality and the practice of love" and graced by the presence of a wonderful Aunt Peace, whose gentle mysticism reminds one—by contrast—of Emerson's Aunt Mary. The older Rufus Jones loved to hark back to his Kennebec Valley childhood and did so unforgettably in "A Small Town Boy" and other autobiographical volumes, upon which David Hinshaw draws to good effect in this first full-length biography of the Quaker leader. From the time he left this idyllic setting at the age of sixteen to attend the Friends School in Providence to the end of his life, seventy years later, his influence radiated in broader and broader circles. In 1948, just two months before his death, he could write (in a letter to the head of the Supreme Moslem Council in Jerusalem, appealing for a "truce of God" in that beleaguered city): "I . . . represent the Quakers all over the world."

His influence was not confined to Quaker circles. He was a familiar but always refreshing figure in college and university pulpits all over the United States. He was the author of fifty-six books on mysticism and allied subjects, many of which were religious best sellers. Conceiving of Quakerism as a movement rather than an exclusive sect, he founded the Wider Quaker Fellowship as a means of extending the spiritual perimeter of the Society of Friends to embrace those "friends of the Friends" in other churches, who wished to be associated with the Quaker tradition. And more than any other individual he was responsible for the American Friends Service Committee. Not since William Penn has one Friend made so great an impression upon the life of his time. David Hinshaw, whose lifelong interest has been in public relations, does full justice to this side of Rufus Jones's career.

He is not so sure in his handling of Rufus's relation to his beloved Society of Friends. Showing little comprehension of the nature of the forces which divided the Society in the nineteenth century, he cannot rightly assess Rufus's irenic role in the twentieth-century trend toward reunion. Nor does he seem to grasp the special significance of Rufus Jones's own interpretation of Quakerism. His thought can now be seen as a compound of nineteenth-century liberal religion and a mysticism whose ultimate origins lay in the neo-Platonic tradition. Thus in "The New Quest" published in 1929 he proclaimed with all the optimism of William Henry Drummond that the universe is "an unfolding, a significant, a dramatic movement," a movement "in one general direction from lower stages to higher." Then with the mystical note that was omnipresent in his writing he affirmed that man is "a spiritual being. . . . When you find the real citadel of man's being it is a holy place—very near to God." This is not language that George Fox—or even Rufus's Uncle Eli and Aunt Sybil Jones—would have used.

The fact is that Rufus's intellectual—as opposed to his spiritual—roots were outside the Quaker tradition, and this has an important bearing upon his relation to the Society of Friends, though of this his biographer shows little awareness. Quakerism in Rufus Jones's youth was ingrown, relatively inarticulate (except in its own peculiar vocabulary), and somewhat limited in its mental horizons. He made it intellectually respectable and attractive to the unchurched but idealistic intellectuals who proceeded to flock into Quaker meetings in college and metropolitan centers and into the Wider Quaker Fellowship. He did this by grafting it onto the mystical tradition of Plotinus, Eckhart, and Boehme, thus giving it a presentable ancestry, and by injecting into it elements of evolutionary optimism and the social gospel, thus bringing it into line with late nineteenth-century religious liberalism. It remains to be seen whether this liberal-mystical blend will continue to seem adequate in the second half of the twentieth century. But it is fairly clear already that Rufus Jones's impact upon Quaker thought will rank with that of earlier figures like Robert Barclay, Elias Hicks, and Joseph John Gurney.

One of Rufus's favorite words was "radiant." Even his bobolinks at South China were radiant. He liked to quote the child who after seeing a stained-glass window defined a saint as a man with the light shining through him. That was the kind of man Rufus was. This, unhappily, is not a radiant book. But it is on the whole a sound and attractive one, which will serve as a preliminary sketch of one of the indisputably great mystics and humanitarians of our time.

Frederick B. Tolles, author of "Quietism Versus Enthusiasm" and other books on Quakerism, is a member of the research staff of the Henry F. Huntington Library.

"Beginner's luck!"

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The Story of a Faith

WHAT THE JEWS BELIEVE. By Philip S. Bernstein. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 100 *pp.* $1.25.

By FRANK KINGDON

RABBI BERNSTEIN has accomplished what he set out to do. He has put forth in simple and direct language the story of the faith, symbols, and festivals of his people. And he has done more—he has written this book with love. Only the most insensitive of readers could fail to be moved by it. If sometimes one hears the echo of the preacher in the author this only serves to bring us closer to the man.

He organizes his interpretation of his faith around an exposition of the meaning of the Torah in Jewish life and of the central teaching of the unity of God. He then explains the Jewish Year, with its six main festivals. He closes with a reproduction of the address he made at the Bar Mitzvah of his son in Frankfurt, Germany, in 1947, the first Bar Mitzvah held in that city since 1940, an occasion deeply significant for him both historically and personally

Dr. Bernstein modestly remarks at the beginning of his book that "the author's personal views must inevitably affect his selections and evaluations" and thus he disarms the most obvious criticism of his undertaking, that no one man can speak for the belief of a whole people, particularly a people among whom "every congregation and every rabbi, in fact every man, woman, and child, decide what to observe and what not to observe."

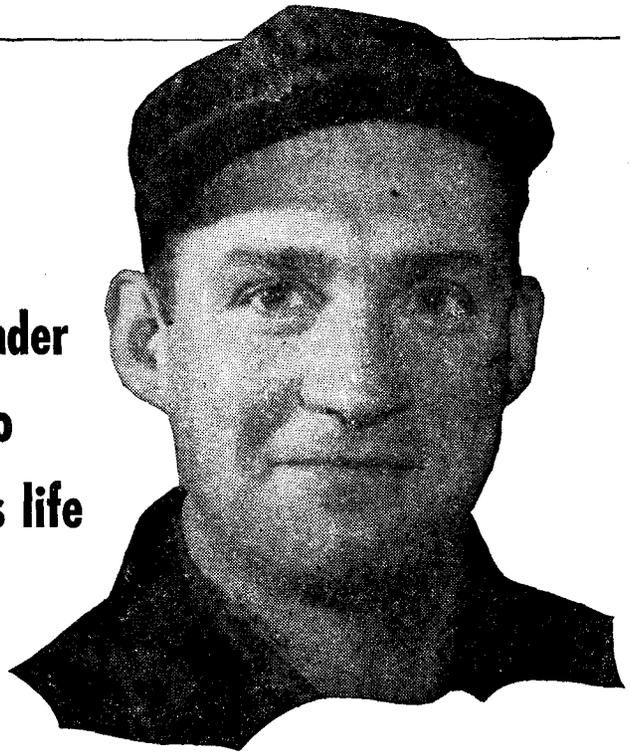
As a Christian I consider myself disqualified to pass judgment on what particular affirmations of this book would be likely to stir most controversy among Jews. I can only venture a guess, based on my knowledge of the disputes between modernists and fundamentalists in the Christian Church, that Dr. Bernstein may find some of his orthodox brethren ready to take up arms against the idea that ancient practices are likely to be modified or abandoned in adjustment to modern knowledge and contemporary ways of life. There may also be some of his fellow-Jews unwilling to join him in ascribing the pre-eminence to Rabbi Stephen S. Wise which his affection dictates.

Professor Moore of Harvard used to open his course on comparative religion with the statement: "There is no such thing as *the* religion but only

(*Continued on page* 44)

"HELP!" CRIED THE BOY. "OVER HERE! HELP!"

He went under the ice to save a boy's life



Telephone lineman braves icy water three times. Other members of construction crew help in rescue and resuscitation.

IT WAS a cold winter afternoon and a telephone construction crew was working along South Road in Bedford, Massachusetts.

Suddenly they heard a boy's voice from a nearby creek.

"Help! . . . over here . . . help!"

Robert B. Foley was the first telephone man to reach the bank. A frantic boy told him that his buddy, Donald King, had fallen into a hole and was under the ice.

Foley crawled over the surface flat on his stomach to distribute his weight and keep the ice from breaking. He got to the hole and without hesitating let himself down in the water, clear out of sight.

He went down twice without finding Donald. Then the boy on the bank yelled . . .

"No, not that hole. The one over there."

Down went Foley for the third time, pushing himself along under the ice toward a smaller hole, five or six feet away.

The next few seconds seemed like years, for he was out of sight. Then suddenly there was a splashing in the open water. It was Foley, and he had the boy in his arms.

Immediately John F. Fitzgerald, the foreman of the construction crew—trained for first aid in emergencies—started to resuscitate the boy and had him breathing by the time the police and firemen arrived with an inhalator.

There's a postscript to the story that you might like to hear.

In recognition of their deed, Robert Foley and John Fitzgerald were given Vail Medals, the traditional awards to telephone people for meritorious acts performed in the public service. Robert Foley also was awarded a bronze medal by the Carnegie Hero Fund. Malcolm S. Cate, Jr., Harold G. Nelson, John T. Cochran, Howard C. Roche and James H. Lucas, the other members of the crew, received Company Citations.

HELPING HANDS—This is just one of many stories of the skill, courage and resourcefulness of telephone men and women in times of emergency. . . . Not all of them tell of the saving of a life. But there is scarcely a minute that someone in trouble or urgent need does not turn to the telephone for help.

No matter what the hour of the day or night, you know that telephone people will do everything they can to be of service. And do it willingly and courteously, with all possible speed. . . . **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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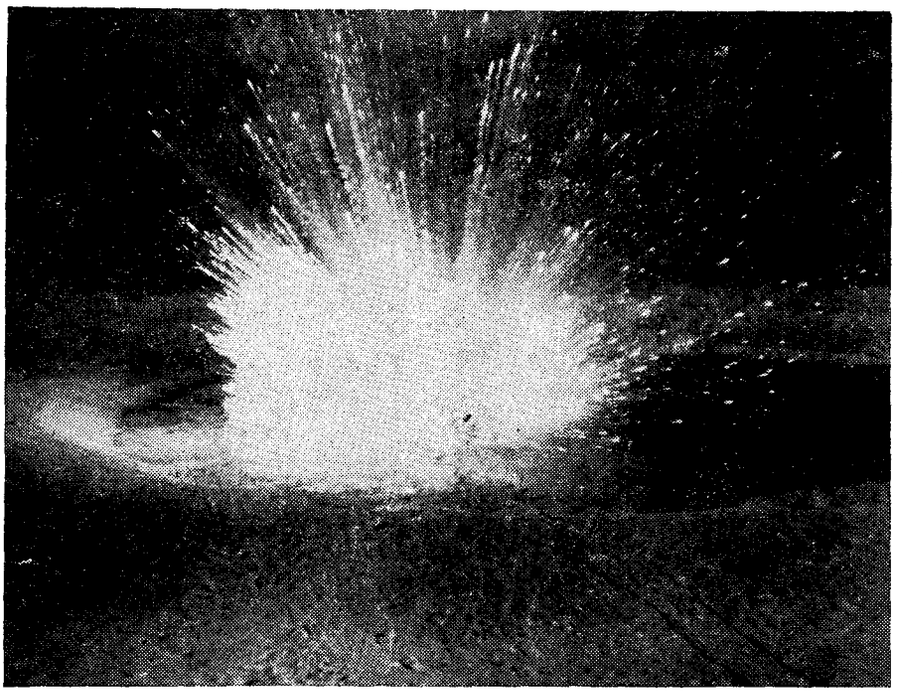
SRL Goes to the Movies

HOKUM'S WHERE YOU FIND IT



"The Thing"—"a horror masterpiece."

MY MEMORY has gone dim on most of the deals of Jerome Weidman's "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," a novel I read at least a decade ago, but I'm certain that the principal character in it was a pure-bred heel called Harry Bogan. This chap wormed his way into a cozy place in the Seventh Avenue garment business by knifing friend and foe alike with remorseless efficiency. The castings for the movie version (Twentieth Century-Fox) made me curious to see how Hollywood had gone about making the story suitable for movie audiences; for the life of me I couldn't see either Dan Dailey or George Sanders in the role of Harry Bogan. Well, what has resulted on the screen now bears little resemblance to the original except in title, and even Harry Bogan has been discarded. The story has been licked by having Susan Hayward play the heel role. How beautiful, in its simplicity, the switch.

Miss Hayward begins as a showroom model on Seventh Avenue and ends up as a top-flight designer and part owner of a dress business her busy little brain has conceived and organized. She isn't quite so cold-blooded in forging her way up the ladder as Anne Baxter was in "All About Eve," but she does have a commensurate amount of ambition. For quite a portion of the film she claws Dan Dailey, a fresh-talking but lovable dress salesman, and Sam Jaffe, a lovable "inside man," and she is about to enter into a compact with George Sanders, who owns an important chain of department stores, when something happens to her. This something is love, an emotion Anne Baxter didn't have to cope with. Love purifies Miss Hayward (it's for Dan Dailey, by the way) and the little claws sink back out of sight. We are left to assume that she will be content with her station as a partner of Dailey and Jaffe, a swell clothing firm if there ever was one.

As to the atmosphere in which these fine people operate, I doubt that I'm the right man for capable judging, but I did have the feeling that some sort of deodorizing process has purified it considerably. A young woman of my acquaintance, who for a short interval was ground in the Seventh Avenue mill, had this to say: "That George Sanders. I never saw anyone like *him* around. And Susan Hayward looked God-awful tacky for a woman who was supposed to be a good designer. The clothes she wore looked as though they came straight from Minneapolis." She then added, "Maybe you better not say that about Minneapolis."

* * *

A couple of kids around the house have been whipped up for some time by announcements in the newspapers of a movie called "The Thing" (RKO). But I doubt very much if they're going to get to see it (assuming *I* have something to say about the matter) until they pass their present impressionable ages. I was scared to death for a considerable portion of the running time by this Howard Hawks production, although two of my companions at the viewing claimed they'd been charmed throughout. "The Thing" falls, I guess, into the category of science fiction, and it would seem to me that if the category continues to be as well treated as this there's going to be a bright motion-picture future for the stuff.

The yarn has a polar expedition, set up for scientific purposes, coming across an interplanetary saucer that has imbedded itself in the ice near their station. Some Air Force people from Anchorage are sent up to investigate and they find—The Thing.

The Thing, so far as anyone can determine, is, or was, the pilot of the craft. The being is eight feet tall, somewhat resembles human shape, and has eyes that stare with lifelike intensity, even though he, or perhaps it, is when carted back to the station encased in a block of ice. The ice melts, The Thing gets loose, and chills start running up and down the spine. I doubt if it would be quite fair to tell what The Thing is like; but it is a most intriguing monster, with qualities and endowments that make Frankenstein's creation and Dracula seem tame. An Air Force captain, played by Kenneth Tobey, deals in a businesslike way with the monstrosity, even though hampered by an ideological struggle with a scientist whose devotion to his profession makes him view human life a bit lightly.

Nearly everyone concerned with the production is a new name to me, but I think Christian Nyby, the director, is in for some high compliments for keeping the tension of the audience at a keen, awed pitch and for the convincing detail that keeps one's inclination to disbelief suspended until the lights go on. After that there are a lot of holes one can pick in the structure of quasi-scientific fact and fancy built up for motivating purposes. Meanwhile, however, your nerves have had quite a jolt. This comes close to being a horror masterpiece for my money. However, one can only sadly reflect that Hollywood does more to give you the sense of conviction with this kind of hokum (in the best sense of the word) than it does with such matter-of-fact material as the garment center on Seventh Avenue.

* * *

Hokum at a much lower level is to be found in "Queen for a Day," an

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American omnibus endeavor that makes you appreciate all the more the British efforts in this direction. The triptych includes a Faith Baldwin story "The Gossamer World," John Ashworth's "High Diver," and Dorothy Parker's "Horsie." All three are done with an excess of bad taste and sentimentality, and only the second of the trio has any moments of validity. Robert Stillman was the producer and Seton I. Miller the screen adapter, and since they're both known for work of a higher order I'm inclined to place the blame for the mess on the director, Arthur Lubin. You're in for some rather nauseating moments if you should happen to be caught seeing this one.

You had also better be warned about "The Lemon Drop Kid," which makes use of a Damon Runyon story as a vehicle for Bob Hope. There are a few laughs in it, but you get the feeling they have been rationed, coming as they do just near enough together to keep you from wandering into the lobby for a drink of water or a candy bar. There's hardly any Runyon left in this yarn about a race-track tout who has three weeks to raise ten thousand dollars, and, come to think of it, I grow immediately suspicious when I see by the screen credits that six or seven writers have been called in to patch up what was pretty good material to begin with.

—Hollis Alpert.

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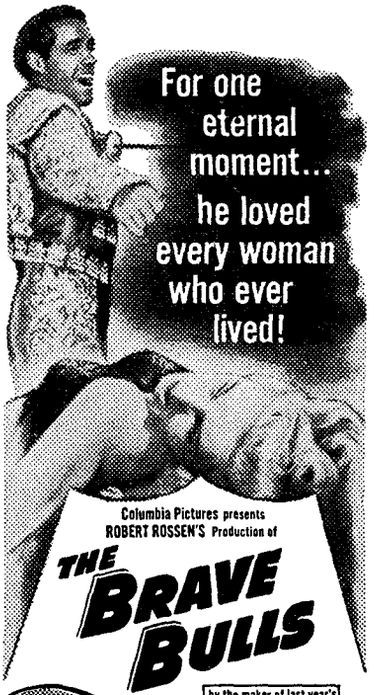

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A new play by
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Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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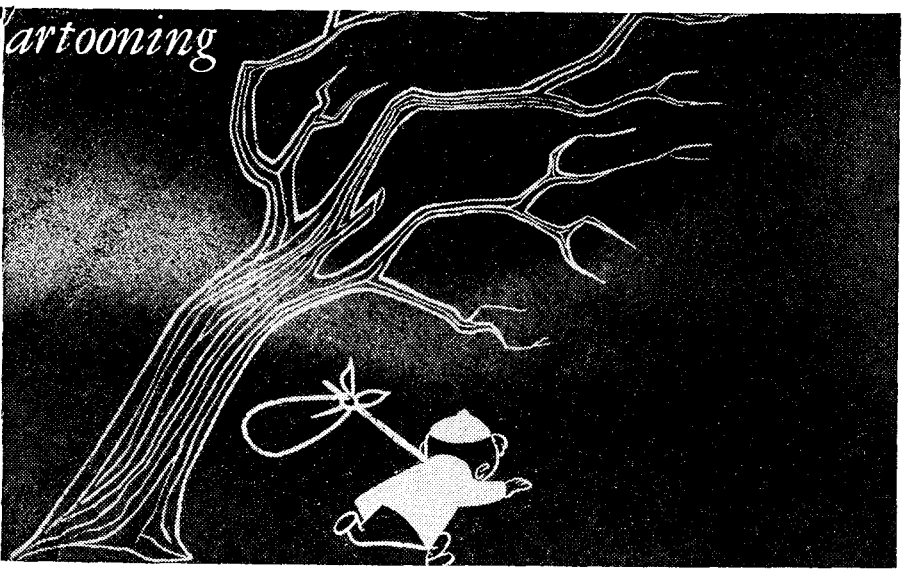
The New Look in Cartooning

NOT since the days of Disney's "Three Little Pigs" has any cartoon occasioned such dancing in the streets as attended the arrival of United Productions of America's "Gerald McBoing-Boing" a month or two ago. Rhapsodically welcomed by the critics, young Gerald has just received filmdom's highest award, the Academy "Oscar"—which he probably accepted by saying "boing-boing." For "Gerald McBoing-Boing" is a fresh and charming little cartoon comedy about a boy who couldn't talk but went "boing-boing" instead. Based on a story by Dr. Seuss, its revolutionary distinction lies in its appeal to the adult mentality and imagination. Its drawing is spare and clean, its backgrounds are mere rough sketches and outlines. Color is applied loosely and suggestively, not realistically. The music, composed by Gail Kubic, is daringly modern, completely in keeping. And this economy of means has produced a picture far richer in humor and in spirit than all the fussily detailed conventional cartoons. Not the least delight of this little film is the absence of the customary cast of cute animals. Even its people are different. They look like cartoon characters, which, after all, is exactly what they are.

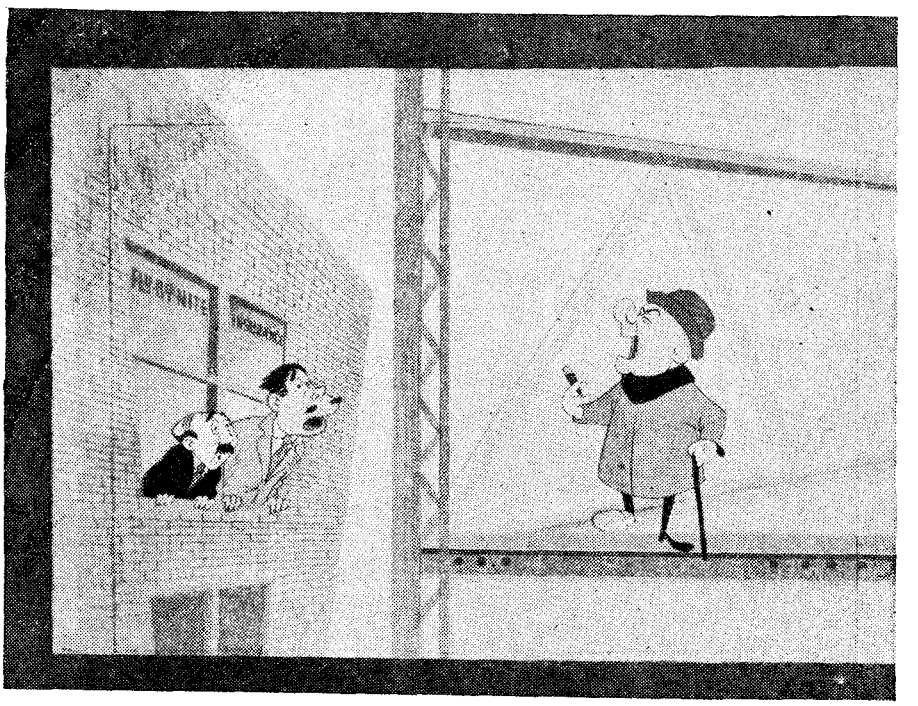
"Gerald" is not the first—simply the most successful—cartoon made by UPA, a comparatively new studio in Hollywood. The stylized, simplified line drawings they use here were developed in earlier pictures made for the Army, the Navy, and commercial organizations. In conscious revolt against the increasing naturalism of the cartoons of Disney and Disney's imitators, the UPA people have shied away from "multi-plane" cameras and live-action techniques. Wisely, they concentrate on their drawing. Many of the UPA artists are, in fact, represented in museums throughout the country. John Hubley, "Gerald's" supervising director, has exhibited at both the Los Angeles and San Francisco art museums.

There are great plans ahead for this new studio. Their next release, "The Popcorn Story," is an hilarious satire on those documentaries apostrophizing little-known giants of industry. Also in the wind—and occasionally in the press—are a feature film based on James Thurber stories and drawings and cartoon adaptations of several of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. For this is an up-and-coming outfit, distinguished by new ideas and a fresh approach to the cartoon medium—and the conviction that audiences can appreciate the new and different.

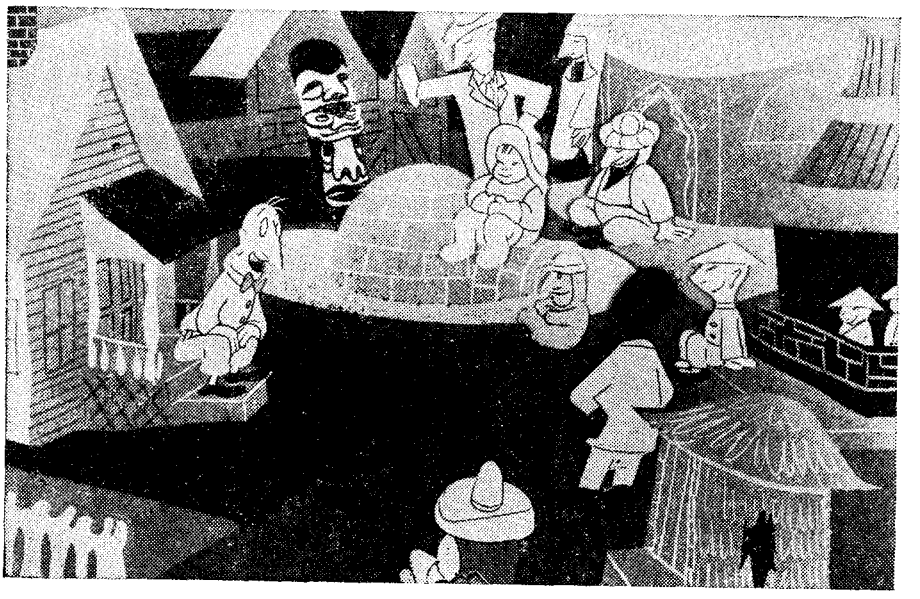
—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



With "Gerald McBoing-Boing" UPA achieved critical recognition.



"Mr. Magoo," another UPA creation, is frankly a cartoon character, not unlike W. C. Fields.



"Brotherhood of Man" applies UPA techniques to a serious purpose.

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TV and Radio

TV'S STREAMLINED BOWDLERIZER

THE PRESS reported April 3 that Ernest Hemingway has agreed to make his literary works available for a proposed "Hemingway Television Theatre." The author would introduce and comment on each story by means of film recordings; and the series "also would feature stories by other authors, including some written by John O'Hara and F. Scott Fitzgerald." An estimated seventy short stories and novels by Mr. Hemingway "could be cleared for video in respect to rights."

The announcement causes a mixed reaction. The first effects are cheers and a hope that the proposed program, currently being packaged and peddled by a talent agency, will quickly find its way to a video channel. A regular helping of Hemingway-O'Hara-and-Fitzgerald would be a highly welcome addition to TV's drama diet.

Fear of the end-product is a second thought. Will the TV cameras mangle the stories or will they squeeze them through the video tubes with some small portion of their original quality intact? The results will be excellent if the Hemingway adaptations and productions are on the level of the recent dramatization of F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Last Tycoon" on Your Lucky Strike Theatre. They will be tragic if they can be equated with the premier production of Somerset Maugham's novel "Of Human Bondage" on the Somerset Maugham Theatre, sponsored by Tintair, April 2, on NBC-TV.

The wickedest sin of the Maugham production was not its audacious attempt to treat realistically in less than an hour the full sweep of hero Philip Carey's mental and spiritual development from childhood to mid-thirties. It was not the outrageous commercial stunt of having a model tint her hair while the play was on, so that the hour's climax became not the author's resolution of his story but rather the model's transformation from a dull blonde to Tintair's Jet Brown No. 12. The basic transgression was the rape of the spirit and meaning of Maugham's novel.

Club-footed Philip Carey seeks a satisfactory emotional relationship in the novel with at least five women, each from a different background, each of a different character, and each of whom makes a definite contribution to his growth. Carey's touching search for maturity was scaled down in the television adaptation to an insipid version of his infatuation for Mildred, the slatternly waitress. The end of the road for Philip in the play was a pure marriage to young, virginal Sally, daughter of a friend. Maugham's Sally is amiable, buxom, and seduced by Philip on a picnic before he decides philosophically to marry her in a fond but loveless mood.

We ask how was Maugham's tale honored or the entertainment of the TV audience enhanced by this fatuous distortion of the values of a fine novel to suit the hit-and-run hypocrisy of expedient mass-media assumptions? What prompts a gifted storyteller like Mr. Maugham, who takes considerable pride in his "body of works," to turn over his literary properties without let or hindrance to the potential abuses of video mercenaries?

What assurances do we have that similar mayhem will not be perpetrated upon the Hemingway "properties"? Perhaps the author, harpooning in Cuba, does not care what the TV boys do to his stories. Evidently Mr. Maugham does not care. The take from TV is an unexpected, extra dividend for these successful writers; their literary reputations are securely established. Audiences, however, have some non-commercial rights in the works. If they have read them they do not enjoy watching them vulgarized: if they have not read them they have some equity in seeing them faithfully translated.

Viewers are delighted and surprised occasionally to have served up to them on TV a superior novel, short story, or play produced with integrity, taste, and imagination. The rate at which television consumes narrative material is familiar as well as fantastic. The proprietors of the TV-drama shows are having a difficult time finding suitable stories to present. They are anxiously mining every vein of material.

Assessing TV-drama's material problem is a complex job. The most important roadblock at present, of course, is the big pile of top property rights in the hands of the motion-picture producers. This is the material which the TV operators need so desperately but which they will not get as long as the video-film feud continues.

Inevitably, the feuders will make peace. The backlog of motion-picture properties will be released to TV. Video audiences will enjoy a much wider range of drama—for a while. Eventually even this supply will be exhausted by the pace and scope of television distribution. Then what? Extensive repeats are out: American audiences are interested primarily in the story and not in production style.

ROUGHLY a thousand new fiction works are published annually in the United States, according to *Publishers' Weekly*. The conventional TV yardstick accepts only a very small percentage of these and of the magazine novels and short stories as suitable for production. The majority are either not universal enough in appeal, too expensive to produce, or simply unworthy. As for originals, the advertiser cannot afford to compete with book publishers, theatrical producers, and film companies for the work of the better writers.

In short, the cream of new literary effort will continue to flow to the movie screen, the stage, and the printed page unless TV is licensed for some form of box-office entertainment, such as Phonevision. In that case it is quite possible that television will be able to outbid all the other media by virtue of its audience multitudes and its fabulous profits. The danger here is that the cultural strength of our quality literature—its dedication to the nuances of individual behavior which depart from the collective norm—may be dissipated in a carnival of royalties and lifeless conformity.

TV could make an agreeable dent in its dilemma if it would take the imaginative rather than the literal approach to its dramatic material. A host of stories too expensive to produce in realistic settings would become available if the television writers and directors would stop thinking of themselves as motion-picture people and strike out in fresh directions. Revolt against standardized formulae is a faint hope, however.

Thus the machine takes its television toll. A nation can ravage its raw materials, deplete its soil, denude its forests, yet escape catastrophe by synthetically fabricating new materials in the laboratory. But how can the resources of creative genius, once exhausted, be replenished to feed the spirit? A song, a sketch, a joke—these can be perpetually manufactured in the video shops, but situation, character, conflict are formed in crucibles of perception, imagery, and eloquence through patient cycles of experience. Television is doing nothing to reforest these. The long look for drama on commercial TV is dim.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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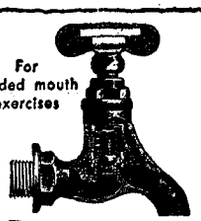

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Music to My Ears

BALLET THEATRE A LA FRANCAISE—SCHERMAN'S MOZART

IN art no less than politics a practical philosophy is: "If you can't fight them join them." Ballet Theatre, now conducting its spring engagement at the Metropolitan, has acted upon this pragmatic advice by borrowing some of the French influence which made Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris so arousing at its visits last season and this. Petit, in fact, was partially responsible for "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," which introduced Jean Babilée and Nathalie Philippart to America on the opening bill (Colette Marchand comes later).

Jean Cocteau's name also decorates this invention, but almost any minor poet could have sketched the scenario of the desirous youth spurned by the girl who comes to visit him in his garret, enticing him instead to put his head in a noose, then returning with the face of Death to lead him over the rooftops of Paris. Guignol, to be sure, if Petit rather than Grand, and serviceable enough for some remarkable feats of bodily discipline and movement by both Babilée and Philippart.

At first acquaintance Babilée is the more striking of the two: a compact youthful figure, with bushy hair and a litheness of movement rarely seen in ballet. He has an acrobatic inclination, also, and a flair of theatricality—such as suspending his quivering body from a noose (though an arm against the "gallows" really bore the weight). While pushing him around (in literal fact) Philippart (his wife) suggested a more striking talent than this skimpy work required. Other things to come will doubtless give a fuller measure of their ability; one only regrets that among them will not be "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune." Babilée as the faun would be something to see.

As a species of French humor I may mention that while this rough and tumble exhibition was in progress the orchestra was playing Respighi's transcription of the Bach C minor "Passacaglia." I enjoyed Alexander Smallens's conducting of the score, but it was much like watching a tap dance to the Brahms "Lullaby." The company was otherwise in fine form for an evening that began with "Swan Lake," progressed to William Dollar's "Concerto," and ended with the American "Scheherezade"—Agnes de Mille's indestructible "Rodeo."

* * *

The state of opera is such that when the Metropolitan leaves town for its spring tour people turn to Town Hall for a performance of Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail," directed by Thomas Scherman, or to Carnegie Hall for a performance of Berg's "Wozzeck," directed by Dimitri Mitropoulos.

Only the first of these falls within the time span of this week's report, but both ventures indicate clearly that there is a public for such music with or without the scenery, lights, and costumes whose cost makes them presently inaccessible in the theatre.

I haven't happened to hear Scherman conduct this season, nor did I hear last year's "Entführung." In consequence, I had the pleasantest surprise imaginable, for it all moved with zest, animation, and a lively devotion to Mozartian manners. Scherman is not yet the gainliest of conductors, and the placement of the vocalists behind him at the front of the stage sometimes led to wild wigwagging that resulted in a false entrance or two. It would be much better in future enterprises for him to have the podium placed on an auxiliary platform beyond the front of the stage so that he could see everyone and vice versa.

Scherman may be commended for casting his performance with a group of young American singers neatly suited to their tasks, and for giving the advantage of enough rehearsal to do themselves, and Mozart, justice. Outstanding were Genevieve Warner, young Metropolitan soprano, a Constanza of charmingly pure voice and secure technique for the high-lying role; Robert Rounseville, of "Hoffmann" fame, a Belmont of character and fresh sound; and Norman Scott, an Osmin of fine buffo spirit and beautifully agile bass-baritone voice. Marylin Cotlow, absent from the Metropolitan this past season, sang Blonda's music admirably, and John Druary sufficed as Pedrillo. Superior to solo attainment of one grade or another was a pervasive ensemble good to hear.

For all of such disabilities as an English text, no recitative, and not even a single janissary, let alone a chorus of them, this "Entführung" made audible the capers and fantasy of Mozart's score as no performance in recent memory. Scherman's perseverance and the devotion of his audience are yielding benefits that seem hardly possible against his beginning four years ago.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

REELS OF MILES

TRAVEL films are supposed to make you want to pack up and leave home to see the world, often by means of some special transportation system. To this extent they are sales films and the audience is, after all, a potential customer. There are some hundreds of these films, too many to ever hope to see and review fully. The guide below will direct film-users to the sources of these films, with an indication of their nature and of the circumstances under which they are made available.

Most travel films are available with no charge except transportation costs. They are distributed by national travel offices of foreign countries, by major railroad and airline companies, and by local, state, and city promotion offices. Despite the fact that many of the films are handsomely photographed, often in color, few of them ever give more than superficial glimpses of beautiful scenery. For some mysterious reason, almost all of them seem to be narrated in the stalest way by the dullest voices. As a group their level is only a few notches above Fitzpatrick. Obviously this is not what we might wish for, but until the concept of the public-relations film takes a marked turn for the better, thus the situation stands.

Because the films are free, they are in great demand; you should send your request as early as possible. In some cases the supply of prints is not nearly adequate; in others the demand outruns even an adequate supply. You'll fare better, also, if you include with your request a description of the size and type of audience that will see the film, since the sponsors want to have their films seen by audiences most advantageous to them. Then, too, some sponsors send their films only to certain kinds of groups, as is indicated in the listing. Very few of these films are available for home use.

You should be prepared to accept substitute titles once in a while, for some last-minute disappointments are inevitable. And this leads to the next point: the films should be returned promptly after you screen them, or you will be the cause of disappointment for the next person on the booking sheet.

Most distributors of free films ask that you fill in and return a report card for each film, and this you should do promptly. It not only discharges your obligation to the sponsor but also enables you to give your honest opinion of the film. Did it do right by its subject? Did the audience consider the time well spent?

In this list of free travel film sources are included some special organizations which rent and sell films produced or sponsored by government agencies, some with foreign-language sound-tracks.

Here it is—your guide to miles and miles of travel films. Good luck, *bon voyage,* and have a good time!

—CECILE STARR.

ALLIS-CHALMERS FILM LIBRARY, Milwaukee 1, Wis. "Evangeline Land" (30 min., color), "Holiday in Alaska" (40 min., color), "Highway to Alaska" (22 min., color), "Pan American Highway" (45 min., color). Requests are forwarded to nearest regional office. Free.

AIR FRANCE, 683 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Five color films: "Your Flight to Israel" (30 min.), "Your Flight to North Africa" (30 min.), "Flight to the French Riviera" (20 min.), "Flight to Immortal Rome" (20 min.), "Flight to Paris" (10 min.). Free.

AMERICAN AIR LINES, 122 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Three films, each about 20 minutes, in color: "Acapulco, the Riviera of the Americas," "Skyways to Mexico," and "Arizona Sun." Free.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY, 65 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y. "Highlights of Europe" (22 min., color). Limited availability. Free. Write for address of nearest office supplying film.

ASSOCIATION FILMS, 35 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. "Shortest Way Home" (33 min., color) sponsored by Greyhound Line, covers famous tourist spots of the nation. Free. Descriptive leaflet available.

AUSTRALIAN NEWS & INFORMATION BUREAU, 634 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. Several dozen films in color and black-and-white for rental and purchase; descriptive catalogue available.

BELGIAN GOVERNMENT INFORMATION CENTER, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. Six films on Belgium and the Congo. For rental and purchase. Descriptive brochure available. Other films are distributed by Films of the Nation.

BERMUDA TRADE DEVELOPMENT BOARD, 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. Three films: "Bermuda Bound" (20 min., color), "Bermuda Holiday" (22 min., color), "Playtime in Bermuda" (8 min., color). Free.

BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. Miscellaneous films on life in Britain for rental and purchase; descriptive catalogue available.

BRITISH TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Six free films: "Away to the West," "Lowlands of Scotland," "Midland Journey," "So This Is London," "Ulster Story," and "Welsh Magic," each about 13 minutes long. Limited availability.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, 344 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Nineteen color films featuring most of Canada's beauty spots. Descriptive brochure also lists regional offices. Free. Sound projector may be borrowed from some of the CPR offices.

CANADIAN TRAVEL FILM LIBRARY, 400 West Madison Street, Chicago 6, Ill. and 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y. About sixty free films, many in color. Descriptive brochure also lists local depositories. Films from the Ontario

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Dept. of Travel are also available from these offices.

DENVER & RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILROAD CO., 1531 Stout Street, Denver 1, Col. Twelve color films, including "Scenery Unlimited," "Royal Gorge," "Mesa Verde," etc. Free. Descriptive leaflet available.

ESSO MOTION PICTURES, Twelve color films on the states of the East and Gulf Coast areas; six color films on the Orient; four color films on South America, the Bahamas, and Bermuda. Available free from Esso regional offices in the states where Esso products are sold.

FILMS OF THE NATIONS, 62 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Approximately sixty films, some in color, on Sweden, South Africa, Belgium, Holland, Poland, Switzerland, and other countries. Descriptive brochure available. For rental and purchase.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, Film Library, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Mich. Six vacation films: "Yellowstone" (20 min., color), "Skifully Yours" (23 min., color), "Canyon Country" (13 min., color), "Nature's Cameo" (7 min.), "Rainbow of the Desert" (7 min.), "Glacier National Park" (9 min.) Free. Catalogue available.

FRANCO-AMERICAN DISTRIBUTION CENTER, 934 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. About two hundred films on France and North Africa; many with French narration, some in English. Available on subscription basis to educational organizations, clubs, etc. Apply.

FRENCH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, Film Section, 1600 Broadway, Room 1001, New York 19, N. Y. Approximately forty films, most of them with French narration, touring both well-known and out-of-the-way places. Free. Folder available.

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA INFORMATION SERVICES, 2107 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington 6, D. C. About two dozen films available for rental and purchase. Descriptive brochure available.

HAWAII PRESS BUREAU, 1040 National Press Bldg., Washington 4, D. C. Two films "Hawaii—Paradise Plus" (30 min., color) and "Hawaiian Holiday" (12 min., color). Available only to educational film libraries for loans of one to three months. For single-day loan, consult nearby film libraries.

IDEAL PICTURES, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago 1, Ill. A dozen or so miscellaneous free travel films, sponsored by Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation and others. Descriptive brochure also lists regional libraries.

INSTITUTE OF VISUAL TRAINING, 40 West 49th St., New York 22, N. Y. Several free travel films, including "This is New York" (21 min.) "Flight to Romance" (27 min., color), "Flight into Time" (27 min., color), and "Flight to the Sun" (40 min., color). Brochure available.

INTERNATIONAL FILM BUREAU, 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill. Fifteen films in French, each about 20 minutes long: "En Basse Provence," "La Champagne," "Dans les Pyranées," etc. For rental and purchase. Also a Spanish-language film on Mexico City, "Mexico Ciudad Encantadora" (22 min., color, rental).

MINNEAPOLIS-MOLINE CO., Advertising Dept., Minneapolis 1, Minn. "An American Journey" (45 min., color), filmed in North and Central Americas. Free. Distributed primarily to agricultural education groups. Descriptive leaflet available.

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES, 5 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y. Four films, each about 33 minutes long, in color: "Rio, City Marvelous," "Buenos Aires, Queen of the Pampas," "Great Cargoes," "South to the Sun." Brochure lists regional offices. Limited availability. In some cases sound projector can be borrowed.

NATIONAL FILM BOARD OF CANADA, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y. Many films on various aspects of the Canadian scene, for rental and purchase. Catalogue available.

NETHERLANDS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. A few free films, limited availability. Other government films on the Netherlands are available through Films of the Nations.

NEW ORLEANS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, 315 Camp Street, New Orleans, La. "New Orleans, the International City" (30 min., color). Free.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 409

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 409 will be found in the next issue.

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PTF LNF GYNO CLRPNWR

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—Q. PECZB.

Answer to Crypt No. 408
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P. T. BARNUM.

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NEW MEXICO STATE TOURIST BUREAU, Box 1716, Santa Fe, N. M. Four films, each 11 minutes, in color: "Indians on Parade," "Ridin' Ropin' Rodeo," "Fiesta at Santa Fe," and "Roundup Time in New Mexico." Free.

NORTH CAROLINA COMMUNICATION CENTER, Film Library, Swain Hall, Chapel Hill, N. C. "North Carolina, Variety Vacationland" (22 min., color). Free.

NORWEGIAN INFORMATION SERVICES and NORWEGIAN NATIONAL TRAVEL OFFICE. Ten color films available for rental from Al Sherman, 1612 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., Washington 7, D. C. Descriptive brochure available.

NEW YORK STATE DEPT. OF COMMERCE, Film Library, 40 Howard St., Albany 7, N. Y. Two films: "New York—The Vacation Empire" (26 min., color) and "Winter in New York" (29 min., color). Free, restricted to audiences of fifty or more. Descriptive leaflets available.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS, 135 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Nine films: "Round South America" (57 min., color) and eight color films in the Wings Series, "Wings to France" (31 min.), "Wings to Hawaii" (31 min.), to England and Belgium (31 min.), to Ireland (31 min.), Alaska (23 min.) Mexico and Guatemala (32 min.), Cuba and the Caribbean (30 min.), Bermuda (20 min.). Descriptive brochure also lists nearest depositories. Free.

QUEBEC TOURIST BUREAU, 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. About twenty-five films, most in color; some available in French. Free. Descriptive brochure available.

SWISS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, 475 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Fourteen films for rental at seventy-five cents per film to cover handling costs; $20 deposit required.

TRANSCONTINENTAL & WESTERN AIR LINES, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. Three color films available from Institute of Visual Training (listed above).

U. S. BUREAU OF MINES, Graphic Services Section, 4800 Forbes St., Pittsburgh 13, Pa. Free color films on the natural resources of Texas, Missouri, California, Ohio, Oklahoma, Wyoming, and Nevada, emphasizing mineral wealths but including general scenic material. The films run about 30 to 40 minutes long. Descriptive catalogue available, which also lists regional depositories.

VERMONT DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION, Montpelier, Vt. "Green Mountain Land" (26 min., color). Produced by Flaherty Films. Free.

VIRGINIA DEPT. OF CONSERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT, Div. of Publicity & Advertising, Richmond 19, Va. Sixteen films, mostly about Virginia's historic shrines and its scenery, many in color. Free. Descriptive brochure available.

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West Coast PALESTRINA: "MISSA PAPAE MARCELLI." Roger Wagner Chorale. Capitol LP: P-8126		▶ As a hardened choral singer myself I nominate this as the outstanding *a cappella* recording of the year. This West Coast group has advantage of "chorale" style ensemble of picked younger voices with clear, unwobbly quality, professional accuracy; but there is also an unexpectedly fine feeling for the music—beautiful pitch, ensemble, sensitive molding of phrases according to the plastic flow of text rhythms, excellent dynamics bounded by sense of the words, without exaggeration; ultra clear, intelligible diction.
"GENESIS" SUITE. (Schönberg, Shilkret, Tansman, Milhaud, Tedesco, Stravinsky, Toch.) Janssen Symphony of L.A.; anon. chorus, narrator. Capitol LP: P-8125		▶ This poly-suite, once recorded bulkily on 78 by Artist, is well worth an LP. Musical setting of Bible text, with interspersed narration, each section composed independently but with same "set-up," thereby attaining considerable continuity. Music is far from minor stuff, ranging from film-score style of Shilkret and C.-Tedesco through fluently interesting work of Milhaud, Toch, Tansman, to difficult and interesting material from Stravinsky and Schönberg. A curiosity of considerable interest and importance.
SCHUBERT: QUINTET IN C, OP. 163. Hollywood Quartet. Capitol LP: P-8133 (cf. SAME: Vienna Konzerthaus Quintet. Westminster LP: WL 50-33)	▶ This and above West Coast jobs show Capitol's solo work, minus Telefunken. Technically fine; acoustics a bit doubtful—the dry, flattish Hollywood recording influence is still evident a bit.	▶ Interesting contrast to Westminster's—this is a tight, accurately played version with good rhythm, fast, intimate, inexpansive. The Vienna (with hugely live recording) is played big, in leisurely Viennese style. Both are good!
Telefunken—Europe DEBUSSY: "IBERIA"; RAVEL: "VALSES NOBLES ET SENTIMENTALES." INR Symphony (Brussels), André. Capitol LP: P-8132	▶ Probably from disc—if so, an excellent job. Wide range with nice acoustics, a bit crackly and thinnish. (Material could be a lot quieter than it is.)	▶ The INR-André team is impressive in Franco-Spanish music. Both rate as unusually sensitive and genuine playings. (Capitol has others too.)
SCHUMANN: SYMPHONIES ♯1 ("SPRING") AND ♯4. German Phil. of Prague, Keilberth. Capitol LP: P-8129	▶ The old-fashioned prewar style of Czech recording, serenely blurred, minus all highs, nice sounding even so! OK on small machines in any case, listenable on large ones.	▶ Only reason for issuing these technically out-of-date recordings is interpretation. I vote "yes" after trying the hi-fi Cleveland Orch. competition on Columbia. These are excellent.
MOZART: SYMPHONY ♯32 (OVERTURE IN ITALIAN STYLE). Berlin Philharmonic, Von Benda. WOLF: "ITALIAN SERENADE." Ger. Phil. of Prague, Keilberth. Capitol LP: H-8131	▶ Capitol's new short 10" LP, running abt. 7 min. a side, at lower price. Useful for many odd-length works. The Mozart "sinfonia" (cf. K. P. E. Bach on Westminster, Bach Guild) is one-piece, fast-slow-fast work, a nice intermediate form, then common. Excellent playing, good recording. The wispy Wolf "Serenade" gets a most sympathetic and alive playing. Strange, the Prague recording here is fancy wide-range, sounding like new tape.	
THE HANDEL SUITE		
HANDEL: "THE CELEBRATED WATER MUSIC" (COMPLETE). National Gallery Orch., Bales. WCFM LP: ♯2	▶ A good, modestly up-to-date recording, bit clumsy here and there in detail but nice in tone quality. The more impressive of the unfamiliar movements come over very well.	▶ At last! Someone's had the gumption to unearth the 14-odd mvts. *not* in the old Harty and all succeeding arrangements! Performance is conscientious, rather stiff—but better stiff than not at all.
HANDEL - FEKETE: "JEPHTHA" SUITE. Salzburg Mozarteum Orch., Fekete. Mercury LP: MG 10066 (½)	▶ Wide range, heavily cut. On fancy machines there's considerable distortion; on average phono it won't be audible. (See also: Beecham's "Faithful Shepherd," *SRL* April 14.)	▶ The neglected Handel oratorios contain most of his finest music; this is a powerful suite, and generally a good transcription, only overblown at endings. But the playing is unpleasantly over-tense. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

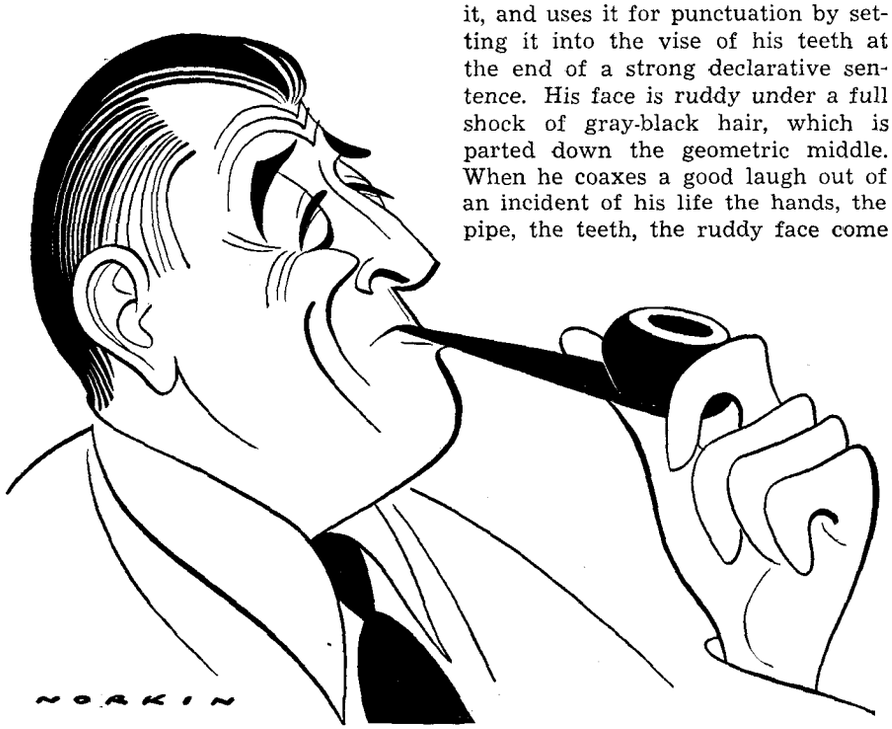
THE OLD WILD WEST SHPIRIT

COUNT FELIX VON LUCKNER, a titled German with a Swedish passport and a long-standing affection for the United States, is a man who can rightfully claim the rare dual reputation for being both a German war hero and a humanitarian. Using an ancient clipper ship, a Norwegian disguise, and an unlimited store of audacity, the Count during the First World War sent thirty-four Allied ships to the bottom. Not an Allied life was lost in the process.

Declared a state enemy by Goebbels in World War II, Luckner emerged from the Harz Mountains in April of 1945 to surrender his besieged home town of Halle to the United States 104th Division. It was an act which saved the hitherto comparatively unspoiled city of 220,000 from last-minute destruction, the Americans from stumbling onto a vast minefield, and the German defenders from almost certain annihilation. His successful intervention earned for him a great huzzah from the citizens of Halle, an embrace from Major General Terry Allen, commander of the 104th, and a stinging tirade from Adolf Hitler in Berlin, who ordered his immediate hanging in a public place.

The order, happily for the forces of humanity, was never carried out, enabling Luckner to arrive in the United States a few weeks ago, hale, hearty, and seventy, to organize a series of six good-will trips through Western Germany. Like Churchill, Luckner would like to see a United States of Europe. He is fond of waving the conglomerate unity of the United States in the faces of the disunited Western states abroad. He agreed to conduct the tours, which are being sponsored by Sabena Airlines, so that he could "show the American people to my country, and at the same time let the Americans see Germany through my eyes." Eight days of looking through Luckner's pale blue sailor's eyes will cost each American $160, not counting the airline fare. Each tour will start at Düsseldorf and wander through Cologne to Coblenz, by Rhine steamer to Rüdesheim, by motorcoach to Wiesbaden, Heidelberg, Rothenburg, and Munich, plus excursions to Garmisch and Oberammergau.

Americans signing up for the good Luckner tour will get more than a fleeting peek into the romantic Luckner life. An incurable raconteur, the Count talks with the aid of a pipe which he alternately clamps between his teeth and holds in his ham-hock hands. He waves with it, points with it, and uses it for punctuation by setting it into the vise of his teeth at the end of a strong declarative sentence. His face is ruddy under a full shock of gray-black hair, which is parted down the geometric middle. When he coaxes a good laugh out of an incident of his life the hands, the pipe, the teeth, the ruddy face come into action together like a pin-ball machine giving its all. Sometimes he throws in a foot for extra emphasis.



Count Felix von Luckner—"'oh, you are a character.'"

The Count, who has been coming to the States off and on since 1894, speaks fairly good English, lapsing only occasionally into traditional vaudeville German which requires dropping unnecessary "h's" into English words that begin with "s" and giving the soft pronounciation to words that begin with "ch." Sometimes, particularly when he is drinking beer, the count likes to interject —also for emphasis—the imitative sound of a sea gull, a chirp he makes with tongue and palate and uses in places where someone else might say "tsk! tsk!" or "By George!" Between the chirp, the pipe, the face, the feet, and the power of the story itself the result is always irresistible and frequently pyrotechnic.

When encouraged he may indulge in tricks of the parlor which tend to prove that his strength is undiminished. At a cocktail party given in his honor by Sabena at a hotel in New York a few weeks back he obliged by ripping the Manhattan telephone directory, a book of some 1,700 pages, into two parts. "Sickest telephone book in the world," he said between his teeth, which were clutching his pipe. He tore the book across its spine and then took the halves and ripped them into quarters. "Strength through joy!" he shouted, kidding the old Hitlerian epigram. Everything lit up.

LUCKNER was born in Dresden of one of the wealthiest families in Saxony. "My father wanted me to become a lieutenant, but my teachers all said I would become a bum. I passed through more schools than classes. I was looking for my idol." He pronounces it *i-dole*. "I found my i-dole in Buffalo Bill, in the old Wild West shpirit. I said to myself, 'If you admire a man like Buffalo Bill you can never become a bum.'"

Luckner ran away to Hamburg at the age of thirteen, signed a certificate saying that he was fifteen, took on the name of Phylax Ludecke, and sailed on a Russian ship bound for Australia. "I had learned enough in school to be convinced that the world was round and eventually I would find Buffalo Bill."

The boy-Count told the Russian seamen his father was a peasant, so they made him an inspector of the ship's two hogs. "I had to feed them and keep the pigshty clean," he recalls. Once one of the hogs rubbed up against him and it reminded him of his old grandmother, who used to scratch her back against the kitchen wall. Felix persuaded the old lady to

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let him undertake the job himself, and he proved so satisfying at it that he was frequently rewarded by a mark for each scratching session. "Once on a trip into town I discovered itching powder. I put that on her back and I had to scratch for an hour. I made four marks."

In Australia he worked as a dishwasher in a hotel, soon became homesick. He recalled his promise to his father that he would become a lieutenant. One day he heard a band playing. It was the Salvation Army. "I didn't know what kind of an army it was, but they had lieutenants, so I joined up." Luckner's rank was that of private, which he remained for the two months he was with the corps. Once many years later—it was 1937 when he was on a lecture tour in Australia—he was made a lieutenant in the Salvation Army reserve.

LUCKNER'S father had been a cavalry officer, and since the Salvation Army, as Felix soon discovered, had no cavalry he became bored with it and left to become an assistant lighthouse keeper. "The lighthouse was on a lonesome island," says Luckner, probing into his memory and perhaps his imagination. "The lighthouse keeper had a daughter called Eva. She loved me, and I liked her—which is why I had to leave my lighthouse."

At thirteen and a half he joined a kangaroo hunt but found the sport too heartless and he soon left to join a traveling circus. In Brisbane he spotted an American four-masted schooner called the *Golden Shore*. "There is the ship that will take me to Buffalo Bill," he recalls himself thinking. Felix presented himself before the captain. The dialogue, a form into which he slips when recounting critical moments in his life, went something like this:

Luckner: Oh, Captain, I want to meet my i-dole, Buffalo Bill; let me sail with you.

Captain: Oh, you are a character. You are the type boy we like to have in America.

He sailed as second cabin boy. Three months later, on an Easter morning, the *Golden Shore* passed through the Golden Gate. "I asked the first man, 'Where's Buffalo Bill?' 'Denver,' he said. I didn't know where that was but I met a ship's carpenter and he told me how to walk the ties to Denver. Only 1,300 miles. You can't walk the ties by looking at them because you get dizzy. You can't shtep on each tie because you walk too fast. So I took two ties with my left leg and one tie with my right leg. To this day the sinews on my left shtep are thicker.

"Finally I stood in front of the home of Buffalo Bill, and my heart was pounding. Will he take me into his school? Will he teach me to become a self-made man? I knocked on the door. A lady answered. I said, 'I want to meet Buffalo Bill.' She said, 'Who?' 'Mr. Buffalo Bill.' 'He's not here.' 'Where is he?' 'In Germany with his Wild West show.' It was the most bitter experience of my life. I had sailed 12,000 miles, traveled 2,600 miles around Australia, sailed 6,000 miles to San Francisco, walked the ties for 1,300 miles to Denver. When I returned home seven years later

"I've got it—has anyone ever laid a historical novel in medieval Iceland?"

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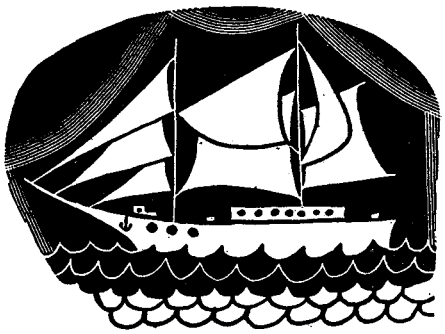

I found that Buffalo Bill had given a performance in my home town and had been the guest of my father for two days while I was on my way to Denver."

Without the benefit of Buffalo Bill, whom he never met, Luckner ultimately returned home and true to his promise to his father he became a lieutenant. His commission, however, was in the Navy. During the First World War when Germany was suffering heavily from the British blockade Luckner approached an admiral with a daring scheme. The Count recalls the meeting like this:

Luckner: I know we have no coaling shtations at sea, but all we need is wind, and, admiral, the wind is neutral.

Admiral (incredulously): Are you going to run this blockade in a *windjammer*?

Luckner: I have two shances and both shances come from heaven. One shance will be a pitch dark night. I will choose the twenty-third of December. And the other shance will be a hurricane. No British ship will stop to examine me in a high sea and the wind will blow into my sails.

He sold the admiral and forthwith picked out an old American clipper ship that had been built in 1868. The crow's nest was 186 feet high, and in the hatch he installed an old muzzle loader "to make noise." Every member of the crew spoke Norwegian, and since it was the custom of Norwegian skippers to take their wives to sea a sixteen-year-old boy of fair complexion was brought along and dressed in women's clothes whenever the clipper was boarded. Luckner and the ship once underwent a two-hour inspection by a British man-of-war, and the disguise held.

When Luckner captured an enemy ship he took its edible provisions and its crew aboard his own raider. He had as many as 800 men aboard at a time and once organized a captain's club. A Scot was elected president, and Luckner told him, "Now it's up to you to get new members. As soon as the ship is full you can all go home." From that moment the Scot was the first man aboard a raided ship.

Luckner's humanitarianism even extended to the cats of the ships he raided. He remembers taking thirty-nine aboard, and when he let his captive band go ashore there were 144. "What a life those cats had on board," he says.

His record during the war led three American cities to bestow honorary citizenships upon him when he came through on lecture tours in the years of peace that followed. For refusing to renounce these honors when the Nazis came to power Luckner invited the full wrath of Goebbels. His castle was bombed and his bank accounts were frozen. "I had a helluva time," is the way he describes it.

After delivering Halle Luckner had to abandon it to the Russians, a turn of events which still leaves him uneasy. He is married to a Swedish lady of some apparent means, and when the Count isn't off spreading the cause of humanity throughout the world the couple lives in an immense château in Malmö on Sweden's southern coast. The house sits on the edge of the ocean looking out toward Denmark and, as well as the Count can remember, has fifty-six rooms. "It's terrible when I mislay my pipe," he says.

—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELERS' TALES

NICOLE'S GUIDE TO PARIS. With illustrations by Pierre Berger. Adolphe De Milly, New York. $4.25. A potpourri of Parisian tidbits, including color plates, sketches, text, advertisements, and an appendix of useful addresses separately bound. Berger's water colors are by far the most impressive thing in the book, and you will get the feeling that you would like to detach and frame them. The same artist has also been put to work making subtle color ads for French firms, which appear in the book as a form of subsidization.

The text, which doesn't come up to the sprightliness of M. Berger, is keyed to a set of symbols. You follow one key if you are a museum visitor, another if you're living on a shoestring, another if you're the average man. What you read is straight, unpretentious, declarative fact. Now besides all this there are the black-and-white line drawings and that enclosed pamphlet called "Useful Addresses"—which is just what it contains—also advertisements suitably keyed with the same symbols as the book. Owners of the book can write in for a new edition of the addresses every six months. For that matter, so can anyone else.

—H. S.

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FORETASTE OF SPRING

THE DAY after spring (according to the calendar) arrived New Yorkers awoke to a snowstorm. The sun soon melted the snow, but in Central Park and along Riverside Drive the forsythia buds and the blossoms of the witch hazel looked decidedly chilly. There is nothing "chilly," however, about the spring books. The judges in the *Herald Tribune* Spring Festival will find plenty of color to dazzle their eyes.

There seem to be an unusual number of "young novels" for the older girls—so many that a critic in order to keep a sense of proportion is obliged to read sport and horse and dog stories for boys between tales of girls for the first time in love and of girls seeking to solve their social problems. Mrs. Ets's story and pictures for "Mr. T. W. Anthony Woo" make a refreshing interlude. And so does the dashing saga of "Plantonio." All of us will look forward eagerly to the exhibit of spring books arranged by the *Herald Tribune* at the Junior Museum of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

MR. T. W. ANTHONY WOO: The Story of a Cat, a Dog and a Mouse. By Marie Hall Ets. New York: The Viking Press. 55 *pp.* $2.

THE END papers alone are more than worth the price of this irresistible picture book. Like "Mr. Penny" and "In the Forest," it has the quality that gives it enduring value. The children of today will claim it, and it will lose nothing with the passing of time. Mr. Woo was a mouse who lived with the admirable cobbler of Shooshko and his cat Meola and dog Rodigo. Although there were occasionally rather violent squabbles between Meola and Rodigo, the four of them lived happily together until Miss Dora, the cobbler's sister, and her parrot appeared on the scene. Instantly all was chaos. It was Mr. Woo, ably instructed by Meola and Rodigo, who solved the problem of getting rid of Miss Dora and the parrot. It is an immense relief when peace reigns again in the little house.

Never has Mrs. Ets created more appealing characters than Meola, Rodigo, and Mr. Woo. We look with great affection at the portrait of the tiny mouse, at Rodigo's sad eyes when Miss Dora shuts him out in the rain, at the peace of the final scene when the cobbler sits in a rocking chair and reads

—From "Mr. T. W. Anthony Woo."

aloud. This is a book for children to own and to keep for their children.

LITTLE OWL INDIAN. Story and Pictures by Hetty Burlingame Beatty. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 32 *pp.* $2.25.

THIS IS the story for younger boys and girls of a little Indian boy on his white pony who led the people of his village and the wild birds and animals to safety in a forest fire. It is by the author and artist of "Little Wild Horse." The story and the drawings, in color, first establish Little Owl's friendship with the deer and bears and other wild things and then show him warning them of the fire and fleeing with them from the flames. The background is a forest and a wide, beautiful river in northern New York. Little children can follow the story through the drawings.

JEAN-MARIE COUNTS HER SHEEP. By Françoise. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. No paging. $2.

HERE IS another picture book by the French artist who made "The Gay Mother Goose" and "The Gay ABC." It is in the form of a dialogue between Jean-Marie and her white sheep, Patapon. Jean-Marie wants Patapon's lambs to grow a great deal of wool so that she can have the things that money can buy. Patapon wants the lambs to stay in the green fields where daisies are white and the sun shines all day long.

The lambs, from one to ten, are drawn in heavy black lines against a gray-green background on alternate pages with the things that Jean-Marie wants, which are printed in soft, rich color—the shoes, the red hat, the fair, the donkey, the little house, and the old woman who knits the socks. The drawings are French in design, very simple and appealing. Through them little children can learn happily to count from one to ten.

FARM ON FIFTH AVENUE: A Collection of Figures from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Shepherded by Elizabeth Naramore. New York: Pantheon Press. 32 *pp.* $2.

THE JACKET of this unusual book is a reproduction in color of an eighteenth-century English tapestry, which shows an out-of-door scene with a farm in the background—the farmer with his dog, a well with a woman drawing water, a group of children dancing around a Maypole. It is an effective introduction to the photographs that follow of birds and animals, in bronze and in ceramics, that are now in the Museum arranged in a special exhibit of which this book is the permanent record.

In time and space the figures range from an Egyptian farmer with his oxen to a beautiful pottery duck made recently by Carl Walters here in America. In one group there is a cart drawn by two yoked oxen led by a handsome ram and followed by a pig, all in bronze, toys that a Roman boy might have played with centuries ago. There is great charm and freshness of approach in Miss Naramore's arrangement of the figures and in her brief and simple text.

One can easily imagine that in schools and in homes children will feel a very real affection for these little figures. New York children are lucky in that they may see the originals. This is a book to own and to cherish well.

SAM PATCH, THE HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME JUMPER. By Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy. Illustrated by Paul Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 39 *pp.* $2.

HERE IS an American "tall tale" in the form of a picture book with illustrations in color. It tells of Sam Patch, who challenged the great

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jumper Hurricane Harry in jumping matches all over the country. Hurricane Harry had a tame bear that he called Chucklehead. Sam did not care for the way Harry treated Chucklehead and wanted to name him Old Hickory or Andy Jackson. When Harry jumped the band played "The Hunters of Kentucky." When Sam jumped it played "Yankee Doodle."

Finally in a village up in the Mohawk Valley Sam challenged Harry to jump across the gorge, a pair of buckskin breeches against the bear being the prize. Sam won, incidentally saving Harry from a horrible death at the bottom of the gorge, and went back to Paterson, New Jersey, in triumph with the bear, who now answered to the name of Old Hickory.

The many drawings set into the text, half in color and half in black-and-white, are vigorous and amusing. There is action and humor in every line of them. The story, a well-told American yarn, will appeal to the older boys and girls as much as it will to the little ones.

THE SILVER WOLF. By Merritt Parmelee Allen. Decorations by Allan Thomas. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 206 *pp.* $2.50.

THERE is a well-worked-out plot and plenty of action in this story of Captain Bent and his wagon freight-train that traveled the dangerous route between Missouri and Santa Fé in the early years of the nineteenth century. Its greatest value, however, to American boys and girls is its fine characterization of Kit Carson as a boy. When Kit appears in the story he is "sixteen or seventeen years old, small, red-headed, freckled, with lively blue eyes." From then on he is the central figure in a story that makes American history live as it lives in so many of Merritt Allen's stories.

Kit can outtalk, outshoot, and outwit the shrewdest and most skilful of the men under Captain Bent's command. But he does not boast, and under his toughness there is a natural friendliness and understanding. His friendliness toward Jud Hunter, the "tenderfoot" from Philadelphia, and his effective defense of Jud and his brother in the matter of the New Mexican silver mine are as much a part of Kit as his skill with a pistol and his almost uncanny knowledge of men. If young Jud is intended to be the hero of this fine story, Kit overshadows him. We are willing to wager that it will be read and remembered as the story of Kit Carson. The older boys and girls will claim it, but we have an idea that the younger ones will find it to their liking, too.

SWIMMING HOLE. By Jerrold Beim. Pictures by Louis Darling. New York: William Morrow & Co. No paging. $2.

IN THIS story Mr. Beim creates an original situation. The scene is a small town where all the boys, Negro and white, go swimming together. Larry, who is a Negro, is a favorite among the boys. Then Steve, a new boy, arrives and announces that he does not play with colored people. No one pays much attention to Steve, and sitting grumpily on the bank he gets a bad sunburn.

Next day he is as red as a lobster. When he comes to the swimming hole one of the white boys announces: "We don't play with anyone the color you are." Larry defends Steve and, as the idea percolates, Steve says thought still rather doubtfully: "It doesn't matter what color people are." Larry assures him that it doesn't—and Steve becomes one of the crowd.

Louis Darling's excellent drawings, printed in full color, accent the theme. If we must have books for younger children that present social problems, this is a good example.

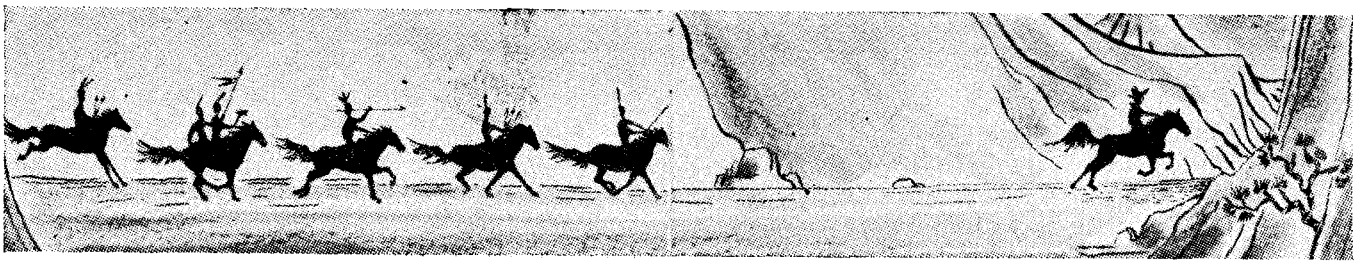
BUCKY FORRESTER. By Leland Silliman. Illustrated by Norman Guthrie Rudolph. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

BUCKY FORRESTER was a member of the Boys Club in a town that might be almost anywhere in America. He was good at sports and a member of the leader's council. His story is a record of the battle between success and fame for himself and selfless service to the Club and its objective. Bucky's family play a large part in the story. There was love and understanding between Bucky and his father, and the sacrifice to help his father seemed to Bucky a natural, almost inevitable, thing. It was a struggle for the boy to give up his chances at the indoor swimming championship meet at Yale in order to bring into the Club activities four boys who were on the road to becoming "young gangsters." It was an even harder thing to give his rival for the championship the hint that led to his own defeat and the rival's victory. But there is nothing "goody, goody" in Bucky's story. He and the boys about him felt instinctively the standard of loyalty and friendliness that the Boys Clubs of America set. Bucky's reward for that hard, rather grim winter was worth far more than a swimming championship.

Last spring Norman Rudolph drew a picture of a boy who might be a member of any boys club. It was sent to all the Clubs for their 325,000 members to see. They were asked to name the boy and to say why they would like to have him for a friend. The contest was won by young Robert Dudding, and at the Clubs' annual conference he was given a copy of this book as a prize. Bucky Forrester is the kind of boy that all the Boys Club members would like to be. That they approve of him is a hopeful sign for the future of America.

PLANTONIO, THE PRIDE OF THE PLAINS: A Ballad of the Old West. Illustrated by Dick Jones. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. No paging. $1.50.

THIS STORY in verse of the boy who rode his mustang to the Fort, pursued by fierce Indian warriors on ponies, will undoubtedly be very popular with little boys. Their elders will be interested in the drawings, which have both humor and beauty of design. There is irresistible humor in the drawings of the young hero who arrives finally at the Fort with an Indian arrow sticking in an exceedingly delicate portion of his anatomy. There is design something like that of the old Egyptian paintings in the spacious backgrounds with the tiny figures of the Indian warriors outlined against them. The drawing that illustrates the lines "But just as the East was beginning to light" is a very striking one. We are glad that there was no use of color in this book. It is admirably printed, and the cool black and white and gray tones are far more effective than color would be.



—From "Plantonio."

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(*Continued from page 21*)

the division of the world today into two increasingly warring camps."

On the most controversial question of all—whether or not Roosevelt "sold China down the river" to Stalin at Yalta—Mr. Welles emphatically supports the President's decision, which, as he forcefully points out, must be examined in the context of the period in which it was reached. He takes issue not only with those who assumed without justification that Roosevelt could foretell in February 1945 the early surrender of Japan but with the broader assertion made by some critics, notably Hanson Baldwin of *The New York Times*, that "it was not to our interest or the interests of China or of the world to make Russia a Pacific power." Mr. Welles, with that sense of historical perspective which is so often lacking in the pronouncements of officials and commentators, points out that President Roosevelt had no authority at Yalta to determine whether or not "to make Russia a Pacific power"—for the simple reason that Russia had been a leading Pacific power for a century before.

Mr. Welles makes clear what so many Roosevelt-haters have conveniently forgotten: that Roosevelt, in spite of his own criticisms of Kuomintang corruption, inefficiency, and dictatorial methods and recurring friction with Chiang Kai-shek, was throughout determined to maintain the unity of China against encroachments by all powers and regarded China as the keystone of postwar Asia. Roosevelt, challenging Churchill, who wanted to see the establishment of an international organization run by the English-speaking nations, insisted on the inclusion of China in the United Nations Security Council as one of the great powers. It is also timely to recall that Roosevelt proposed a U. N. air base on Formosa.

Mr. Welles believes that had President Truman carried out Roosevelt's policy in China instead of asking General Marshall to bring about a coalition between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists the United States would not be faced today with a crisis on the Asian mainland. But here Mr. Welles opens himself to the question whether any kind of intervention by Washington could in reality have stemmed a long-run revolutionary current. He thoroughly disapproves of the decision to draw a line in Korea at the thirty-eighth parallel and of the Washington attempt in 1950 to leave South Korea outside this country's line of defense. This in his opinion represented a clear invitation to Russia to fill the resulting vacuum. And, again viewing Asia in historical perspective, Mr. Welles finds it understandable that both Russia and China should have a direct concern with the fate of Korea—as they did when Korea was a vassal of Japan.

What of the future? Mr. Welles recognizes the need to create a balance of military strength between the non-Communist nations and the USSR. He is, however, in General Eisenhower's corner in questioning vigorously the demand for rearmament of Germany and stresses the fact that "to the Russians Germany is the core of the European problem." He thinks that a peace treaty with Japan and "partial rearmament" of the Japanese are necessary but believes "it would be not only premature but unrealistic for the American people to assume that they can . . . count upon any sure support from the Japanese in a Western containment of Asiatic Communism."

He urges that more thought should be given to this country's relations with the nations of the Western hemisphere. He remains a fervent supporter of the United Nations and sharply challenges advocates of a return to isolationism. He contends that the negative policy of containing Russia by military force and by economic power should be "inseparably linked to more positive and constructive policies," notably the Point Four program.

Above all, looking back at a period of crucial trial and error when President Roosevelt, viewing the future with prophetic insight, was again and again stymied because of lack of support by the public or by Congress, Mr. Welles pleads with the United States to develop a policy which other nations can regard as "dependable." It is all the more pity that the peculiar ways of our democracy make it impossible for us to call on his experience in developing such a policy.

Vera Micheles Dean is research director of the Foreign Policy Association and author of "Europe and the United States."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
PITY FOR PAMELA *Mary Fitt* (Harper: $2.50)	Pamela at the age of ten, twenty, and twenty-one was a child of fortune—but tragedy never let her go despite the charming British people who loved her.	Interesting study of the criss-crosses of personalities and loves and hates, but suspense machinery interferes with validity and validity with suspense.	Good but not quite jelled
NEVER LOOK BACK *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Random House: $2.50)	Maggy Brooke, persuaded by father-in-law to patch up with erratic husband, returns to London to find fears and threatening characters hedging the spouse.	Another stretched-out story by dint of Dumb Dora female in plush surroundings; turgid writing misses on attempted "literary" terror.	Disappointing for this Eberhart fan
THE WIDOW HAD A GUN *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.50)	Photo ace of the *Courier* summoned by owner's wife finds her with husband's body. Trying to protect the lady and solve crime lands him in melee of hoods, gamblers, etc.	Well-paced action and conversation, interesting odd minor characters, realistic newspaper, photo, and gambling details triumph over cliché of psychology and situation.	Skilled but contrived
CORPSE DIPLOMATIQUE *Delano Ames* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Dagobert Brown, scholar of literature and life, smells a pattern behind "political" shooting in Nice. Wife Jane tells tale while loyally hanging to D's coat tails.	Effortless, allusive wit catches fantasy of plausible character and action with chuckles — but deft seriousness in tight moments. Vibrates with fresh imagination and lively plot.	Like top vacation on Riviera—good!

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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cealing a temperament that is mean, meager, and morbid.

Mrs. Stone's remarkable narrative gift keeps the interest mounting steadily from crisis to crisis. Enough of a background is provided for the mother-son situation to give it believability as a variant on the Oedipus theme. The people are, however, no puppets of the thesis novel. Freddy in particular is admirably done. The patina of sophistication encrusts his mind but to his clever talk there is subtly communicated the accent of chronic irritability arising out of emotional insecurity. Even the flurry of melodrama with which the novel ends seems justified by the very extremity of the tension in which these people have their moment of existence. Mrs. Stone's use of symbols offers a lesson in technique for less skilful writers.

Perhaps the greatest success of the book is the creation of Agata, the Italian-American peasant woman who is for the author the true embodiment of human wisdom. If a solution for Evan is to be found it must be through Agata. This is the only comment that Mrs. Stone, out of her own compassionate sanity, seems to be willing to make.

Fiction Notes

THE GOLDEN EXILE. By Lawrence Schoonover. Macmillan. $3.50. Mr. Schoonover has done it again. His novels contain all the ingredients required of a popular historical novel. His latest reeks powerfully of adventure, swashbuckling, suspense, hairbreadth escapes, violence, and in some measure of history—that is, just enough history to provide an atmosphere in which men can do the most audacious things and get away with it.

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—JOHN COURNOS.

KENTUCKY STAND. By Jere Wheelwright. Scribner's. $3. Obviously intended by its publishers for an adult audience this historical adventure story should rather be recommended to the romantic boy of prep-school age who has evidenced an interest in early American history. Here we have another retelling of the tale of Dan'l Boone.

The story starts in Colonial Maryland in the year 1777. Nineteen-year-old Jim Cheston is going to Kentucky to join up with his uncle, a land speculator, and then move on to the fortress settlement of Boonesborough, where Dan'l Boone is trying to establish himself. Traveling over the Wilderness Trail between Baltimore and Boonesborough he undergoes many troubles. Gently bred, he must learn the ways of the wilderness. He has to contend with and best a cheating aide of his uncle. He has to see his uncle and good friends slaughtered by the Indians. And he has finally to reach Boonesborough, establish himself there alone as a man among men, win the respect of the other frontiersmen, and take part in Boone's historic defense of the fortress against Indian attack. As part of his growing up under these rather strenuous circumstances he also learns about what the author regards as love. This is a fine, selfless regard which may spring up between men and women but is only permitted to go further between members of the same group. Liza, you see, was a frontierswoman, and Jim had an established position back in Maryland. So they parted, and Jim had the memories of his year in Kaintuckee and of Liza.

The author presents all this against a background which does not conflict with anything in the average textbook description of life and activity in Colonial America. His style is brisk, his characters somewhat more lively than those found in the standard historical painting of the times, and he gives us plenty of gunfire, arrowshooting, scalping, and hand-to-hand-fighting.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

RELIGION

(Continued from page 27)

religion which assumes many forms." The non-Jew will find in this book a fascinating account of how stories familiar to him in the Scriptures have assumed ritualistic meanings for the Jews quite other than their meanings for him. He will learn why the sturdy monotheism of the Jew has rejected the Deity of Christ while acknowledging his special insights. He will understand how the Jew, living by the prophetic word, "Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord," has maintained his vitality amid strange peoples and achieved the historical wonder of keeping his uniqueness alive though he was dispersed over the earth.

Rabbi Bernstein qualifies as a sound guide in this delicate field. Both as an individual and a professional teacher of religion his record proclaims him worthy of respect. His individual character is attested by the fact that he returned as a rabbi to the city of his birth and has served the people who knew him best as their spiritual leader for twenty-five years. His professional eminence is shown by his selection as director of Jewish religious programs for the U. S. Army during the war, followed by his appointment as adviser on Jewish affairs to the U. S. military commanders in Europe after the war.

Eminent as his other services have been, he can count this book as equally eminent with any of them, for it is a rich contribution to that mutual understanding among Americans which our democracy makes possible and on which it will continue to thrive.

Frank Kingdon, who served in Methodist pastorates for many years, is the author of "Humane Religion," "The Life of John Cotton Dana," and other books.

Religion Notes

BEYOND HUMANISM. By John Julian Ryan. Sheed and Ward. $3. This little book may interest more people than the author ostensibly intends to address. The subtitle—"Towards a Philosophy of Catholic Education"—reveals its content much more clearly than the title. It is, in fact, a criticism of Catholic education by a Catholic, on the grounds that Catholic education is not Catholic enough. Catholic schools and colleges have adopted too many secular practices and too many pagan ideas. The differences between Catholic and non-Catholic colleges are

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too small for the author's taste. Sometimes the sole difference, especially in courses in mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, and economics, is in the prayers offered before and after class or in the crucifix which hangs over the blackboard. Even worse, Catholic colleges offer courses in money and banking without the supervision of a moral theologian, courses in economics which do not show Jesus driving the money-changers out of the temple, and courses in business administration which resemble those at Harvard. Catholics do not seem to realize that intellectual curiosity, as is clearly stated by St. Thomas Aquinas, is a sin and that too much knowledge is a form of mental gluttony.

As suggested above, these views, while not "official" in any sense, will nevertheless be enlightening to readers who have no acquaintance with Catholic philosophies of education.

—Robert Bierstedt.

SUCH LOVE IS SELDOM: The Story of Mother Walsh, O.P., Foundress of the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor. By Anne Cawley Boardman. Harper. $3. To be poor is an affliction and to be sick is a worse one. The young Irish immigrant Mary Walsh succored those who were both, regardless of race or creed. In 1876 as she was hurrying one day to her modest laundry job she happened upon a sick, starving tenement mother and the dead body of her newborn infant. Mary used her small savings to buy food and medicine for the mother and her children, then got the invalid's husband out of jail and into a job. In the merciful process she lost her own job.

She had discovered, however, that it was her vocation to be mother and friend to New York's sick poor. She and another altruistic young woman rented two heatless rooms where three days a week they did laundry work. They spent the rest of the week—and their earnings—giving regular care to twenty families and keeping a soup kitchen going. "The holy washwoman" and her zealous companion slept on floor pallets in the bleak rooms and stretched their charity by begging food from grocers and butchers.

Despite obstacles and tribulations Mary Walsh's work spread and the number of her associates grew. In time her group was canonically organized as the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor, received accredited training as nurses, and established missions in other cities. At the time of her death in 1922 Mary Walsh was widely loved and revered as Mother Mary, one of the most inspiring leaders in the history of American social work.

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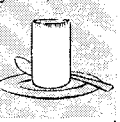

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NEHRU

(Continued from page 12)

by resistance. India will not tolerate it. I do not expect it, but I've made it perfectly clear that we will not tolerate any aggression.

COUSINS

Will you be ready for it if it comes?

NEHRU

Absolutely, at any time, from any direction.

COUSINS

To come back to Soviet Russia as it concerns the point you made that the policy of the West toward Soviet Russia in the early days actually resulted in the building-up of great bitterness inside Russia. Isn't it also true, Mr. Prime Minister, that at the end of the war in 1945 the Soviet did have complete acceptance by the nations of the West? Surely by that time the old feeling of bitterness generated during the Twenties had been dissipated. Yet, despite the fact that Russia in 1945 had been completely accepted she decided to start moving both east and west. What are the people of Czechoslovakia, for example, to think about Russia? I suppose that few nations did more to make Soviet Russia feel acceptable than Czechoslovakia. How would you react to that statement?

NEHRU

Well, I don't react well at all to that statement. I am greatly distresed at many things that have happened in Eastern Europe since the last war, most especially in Czechoslovakia. I don't wish to go into details but I do feel that this kind of development is bad for any particular country. But what troubles me more is that it is bad in the larger sense of the word, too. You see, as we are constituted today no government and no people can do without, let us say, armed force for defense, for protection, for security, and the rest of it. Nevertheless, I do believe fundamentally that armed force does not solve any problems. It is the spirit of man that triumphs—even over death.

I was in Czechoslovakia in 1938 at the time of the Sudeten crisis, and all my sympathies were with the Czech people. It was a great sorrow to me to see these brave, disciplined, democratic people thrown overboard at that time and falling into Hitler's hands; and it is a sorrow to me today, for these people today are also facing grave difficulties. Now I have no solution for these things, because there is no magic solution. One has to go deeper down and find the root causes.

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It is patent today that some of the great countries of the world are so full of fear of what might happen, of aggression, etc., that they prepare for it, with the result that others prepare for it, and so the preparation for war mounts up. Possibly even some of the aggression itself is caused rather by that fear that the other party might become dominant in that area. This doesn't lead to any peaceful solution; it merely leads you to the precipice of war where the slightest push might send you over.

COUSINS

Coming back to Czechoslovakia: in 1945 and 1946 wouldn't you agree that the world then was relatively free of fear? What steps do you think might have been taken at that time that might have been able to avert the overthrow of Czechoslovakia?

NEHRU

I am afraid I can't say and I wouldn't say. It is too difficult a question, because since the last war so many things have happened, with one leading into another. The only basic step would have been to divert the world's attention toward less fear of aggression and less fear of prospective war and, of course, toward a continuous attempt to deal with these questions in the United Nations or in other powerful ways.

COUSINS

Would you agree, Mr. Prime Minister, in connection with your last statement, that the world's last best hope of peace, then, is the United Nations—to revert to an earlier point in our discussion?

NEHRU

When you talk about the United Nations a number of pictures come into my mind. One is the great ideal which inspired, which gave birth to the United Nations. Another is the Charter of the United Nations. Another is the structure of the United Nations, and so on. I do think that all these things are fundamentally not only worthwhile but essential. But that does not mean that I approve everything that the United Nations does simply because it is the United Nations. That does not mean that the way the United Nations has sometimes functioned is always very desirable. In fact, it doesn't mean even that the present structure of the United Nations is ideal or is in line with what it was intended to be. So that if you want the United Nations really to be great—not only powerful in the material sense but a power affecting the minds and spirits of men—then it must function in a particular way to capture the minds and spirits of men. Now if the United Nations doesn't affect half of the world well it isn't the United Nations and it can't think of controlling a quarter of the world or half the world by military means.

Even if it succeeded in doing so the result would not be the democratic ideal but some military dictatorship all over the world. And yet, it is quite inevitable that something in the nature of the United Nations has to take charge of the world in the wider sense, not of compulsion so much. Compulsion can ultimately only be exercised over a small evil-doer if society believes in a certain fundamental moral principle. If that principle itself is challenged by a great part of society then there is conflict. Ultimately the United Nations must not only be, of course, universal but must, shall I say, deprive to a certain degree other nations of some phases of their sovereignty. That is to say, it will have to develop the international order into an international government, in the largest sense of the term and without interfering with national autonomy.

The world today is a curious mixture of some degree of uniformity and a great variety—a great variety in the sense that there are differing historical backgrounds, cultural methods, ways of living, economic conditions. Some countries are very backward, some are underdeveloped, some are highly developed. Then there is this difference of cultural background. We do come nearer to each other because of rapid communications and transport, etc. But basic things such as racial backgrounds remain. How are we to deal with this variety? It is no good trying to make them uniform and regimented, and I don't think it would be a good thing to try to do this.

So it comes to this: giving as much freedom as possible for each way of life to develop along its own lines, helping it where possible without too much interference, understanding its

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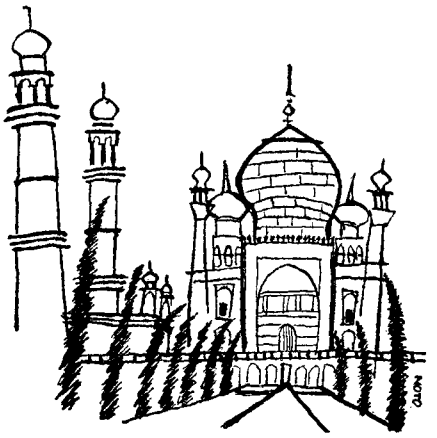

ways, and, of course, neither interfering with it nor allowing it to interfere with others. That is, in the world as it is we have to adopt the principle of live and let live but always with an ever-growing cooperation which gradually integrates the world more and more closely together. Any attempted forcible integration leads, can only lead, to some kind of military rule which would be bad from many points of view and most especially from the point of view of the development of the individual or the group. So one has to balance these factors all the time; one has to have more and more cooperation developing into a world order and at the same time more and more autonomy in respective regions for the people in those regions to function as they like.

COUSINS

In light of what you say, Mr. Prime Minister, would India be willing to come together with the United States and other nations of the world in a moral crusade for the fullest possible development of the United Nations—behind the principle that the most important thing in the political development of man is his right to own himself, own his mind, and have rights against the State? Beyond that, isn't there some connection between the type of structure which is called upon to keep the peace and the type of peace it produces? To what extent do the imperfections in the organization itself create world insecurity? Lacking a world organization with preponderant force, do not the individual nations tend to pursue unilateral measures to achieve security? At some point wouldn't these measures bump into each other? Wouldn't this lead to a situation of insecurity and fear in the world? All these questions relate to the first question—whether India would join other nations in proposing a re-examination of the United Nations with a view towards strengthening it—in the hope that it would try to eliminate at least that aspect of the threat to world peace that stems from a faulty approach to the problem.

NEHRU

Well, you have said a lot.

COUSINS

Too much, I'm afraid.

NEHRU

I hope that I have some sense of moral value and standards. In fact, if I may say so, I don't think that life is worthwhile without some such standards—moral or spiritual in the widest sense. But I am terribly afraid of people who talk about morality or about crusading. The whole conception in India was built up, if you look at Indian history, on the principle of non-proselytization. Our religion is so based. We do not go out of our way to ask anybody to change his religion and belong to ours. We are quite happy. He can believe in his own religion and in his own standards. If anything in us appeals to him, good, he can discuss it with us. It is a question for the individual to decide. Why should I impose my view of religion or spirituality or anything else on the other person or on the other nation, except insofar as out of discussion, consultation, cooperation we adopt each other's ways?

Therefore, my whole approach is somewhat different and not of this moral crusade, because it is not quite so easy to find out what is the right morality on a certain occasion. Oh yes, we use high words—high-sounding phrases and words—but behind those phrases may lie entirely different chains of thought, objectives, interests, and the like. Everybody talks in high terms now, especially in a democracy when we go to the electors; but the fact remains that the person who talks like that may not necessarily act in that way. Therefore I would personally prefer not so much talk about—well, shall I say high morality and the rest of it—and tackle the problem in a simpler way. May I mention another thing? More and more I am beginning to dislike slogans. Slogans, of course, came into the picture very much from Russia. The Communist lives on slogans. Some of the slogans are not bad, but I dislike most slogans. They prevent the person from thinking. All slogans, I think, are rather confusing, although they may contain an element of the truth in them. So let us face this problem, certainly in a moral way, in a spiritual way, and, if I may say so, in a reverent way and, if I may also say so, with always the idea at the back of my mind that I may not be wholly right. There may be something else that might help me. There may be something else that has escaped me. If we approach it in that spirit, and then think of world cooperation, of building up a universal order—if possible through the U. N., through the U. N. growing, becoming more universal, having more power to suppress any crime against humanity—we may do that; but we will do that only when in a large measure the organization itself begins to represent what might be called the will of the world community.

COUSINS

I am anxious to clarify my previous remarks. I am afraid I made my point poorly. I had no intention of arrogating all morality to ourselves but only to call attention to the need in the world today of facing up to the profound moral issues involved in the present crisis. Perhaps that might lead to an exploration of the means by which different systems could exist in the same world, for it might also lead to an understanding of those obligations that nations must assume if there is to be a meaningful peace. And I would certainly agree with you about the danger of dogmatism and the need for the widest possible approach to the world's problems.

Before we conclude this discussion I wonder if I might ask you a question having to do with the opening theme of these meetings, the need for a firmer base on which to build Indian-American understanding. This question concerns the wheat bill now before the American Congress. Some of the newspapers here in India I happen to have seen in recent weeks have suggested that if the United States sent India wheat it would do so for purely selfish motives. To balance that point of view, perhaps, is the fact that some American newspapers have said that you yourself were not really anxious to have this gift from the United States. Would you care to comment on this?

NEHRU

You have been here for two months or more. No doubt you have read many of our newspapers and no doubt you have seen that a good number of them criticize our Government pretty vigorously—sometimes, well, even worse. I hope that you have realized

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that we have some kind of freedom of the press here and, secondly, that some of the newspapers are very good and that some of them are not so good. But to answer your question: I just do not understand any individual or newspaper saying that. We have always wanted not only the general cooperation of America but the particular cooperation or assistance for the things we need.

A year and a half ago when I went to the United States, even then food was our basic need, and I mentioned it. And I have often been surprised to hear people say, sometimes Americans, that they gathered the impression that I didn't want help. It amazes me. Of course, we want all the help in the world from everybody in the world. But it is also true that—and this is what Mahatma Gandhi always told us—we must learn to stand on our own feet. Too much reliance on outside help means that you do not grow up properly, do not strengthen yourself. That is true. But in the matter of wheat, we have wanted it, we want it very badly. We are facing a very severe crisis. We don't shout about it quite so much as perhaps we might, because it is unbecoming to shout. But the fact is that our need is very great, and we have welcomed the suggestion made in America, in the Congress there, that a large quantity of wheat will be coming, and we shall look forward to it.

COUSINS

Thank you very much. I should like to say, too, in fairness to the people of India that I am sure that the Indian newspapers I mentioned certainly do not represent any considerable fraction of the whole. One more question. Do you have any closing message that you would like to convey to the American people?

NEHRU

If any section of the American people has to listen to all that we have been talking about I imagine they are tired by this time. All I can say is this, and I am speaking with absolute honesty: when I went to the United States a year and a half ago I knew something about American people. I had read about their history, their Constitution, their progress, their literature, so I looked forward to that visit very greatly. I went there, and I saw large numbers of people in many fields; I saw many famous places. And the more I remained in America and the more people I saw, the more I got the impression of an essential friendliness, of frankness, of forthrightness—qualities which I value very greatly—and I returned with the feeling of great friendship and gratitude for America and her people.

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

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YOUNG MAN, open-minded outlook, chipped veneer, seeks undogmatic, feminine correspondent. Box 411-G.

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PERSONALS

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

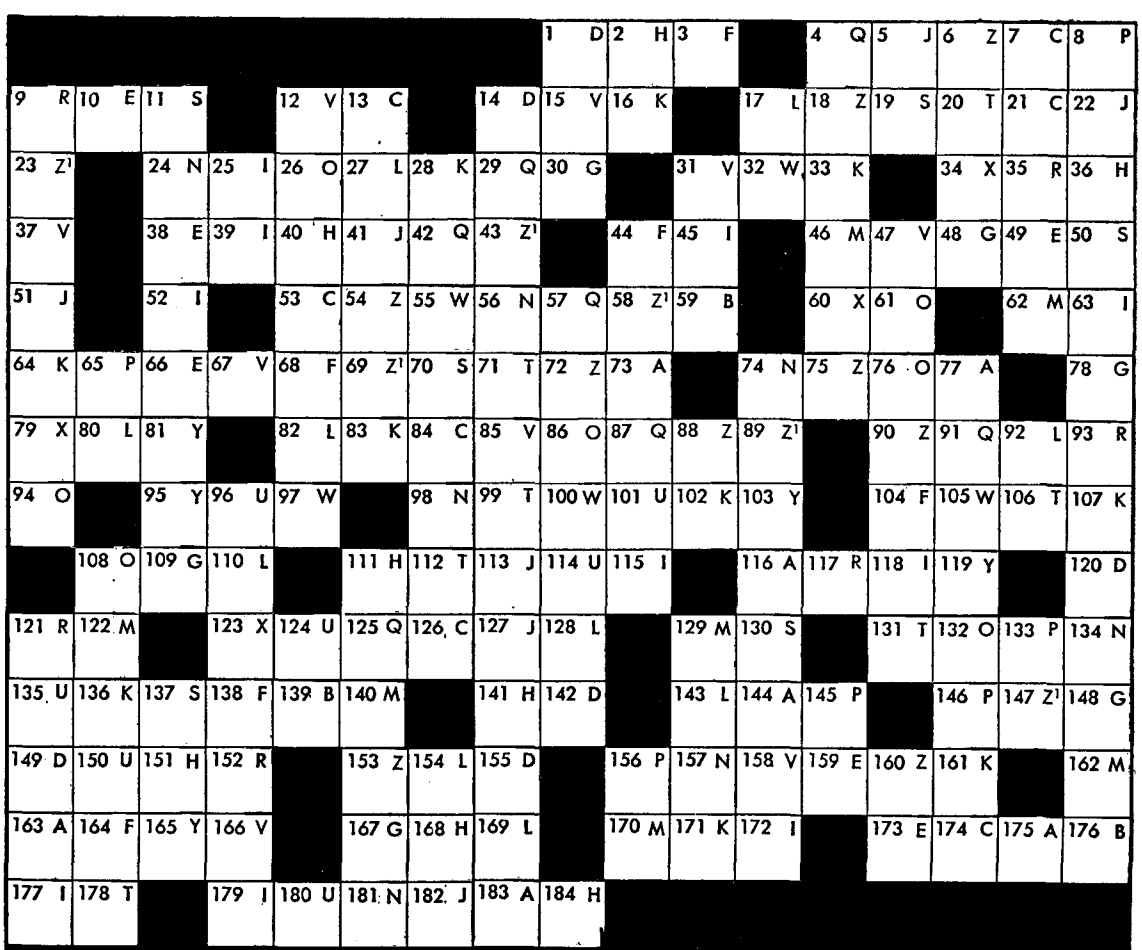
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Professor of philosophy at Columbia and writer (1899- ; "Making of the Modern Mind").	175 144 73 77 163 183 116
B. Any solution obtained by lixiviation.	139 59 176
C. A companion of Christian after the death of Faithful ("Pilgrim's Progress").	53 174 84 21 13 7 126
D. An indeclinable noun (gram.).	120 149 1 142 14 155
E. In poor condition (2 wds.).	159 10 66 49 173 38
F. A character in "Sentimental Tommy" (Barrie).	138 164 44 68 3 104
G. A character in "Midsummer Night's Dream."	167 109 78 30 148 48
H. Plot to kill Chas. II and his brother, Duke of York, 1683 (2 wds.).	40 184 151 2 111 168 141 36
I. Young sea eagles.	39 45 179 63 118 115 52 25 172 177
J. Stimulated.	182 113 41 5 51 22 127
K. English aeronautical engineer and writer (whole pseudonym; 1899-).	28 16 64 136 102 161 171 83 107 33
L. Dominion; superiority.	143 80 82 169 92 110 128 154 27 17
M. State or quality pertaining to eating.	162 122 46 62 129 170 140
N. Everything counted (2 wds.).	24 74 98 56 181 157 134

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. A species of crocus widely cultivated in southern Europe for its drug and dyestuff.	94 26 61 108 132 86 76
P. Act or process of marking swans by cuts on the beak.	133 156 146 65 145 8
Q. Those who peel pulpwood and logs (logging).	91 57 4 29 125 87 42
R. Village and spring on W shore of Dead Sea in Palestine (1 Samuel).	93 121 9 35 152 117
S. Manifestation; appearance.	19 50 70 11 137 130
T. Appropriate; suitable.	106 99 178 112 71 20 131
U. Improvement of land for agricultural purposes.	101 124 150 180 96 135 114
V. Queen of the Amazons in "Midsummer Night's Dream."	15 67 37 85 12 47 166 31 158
W. Inhabitants of a Baltic land now Russia's.	105 55 100 32 97
X. Tenth letter of the Hebrew alphabet.	123 60 34 79
Y. First name, contemporary actress, daughter of Georgiana Drew.	119 81 95 103 165
Z. Grief for sin arising from imperfect motives, as fear of punishment (theol.).	75 88 90 6 18 153 54 72 160
Z¹. Most uncommon.	58 69 23 147 89 43

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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